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CHURCH ART IN ROME

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "*The Pensionnaires*," etc.

 O me, religious art in a gallery is always suggestive of the wax effigy department in a museum. The form is there; the features are there; the colouring is usually there—a little retouched; but the stiff figures suffer the trifling disadvantage of being dead. The religious atmosphere which was their breath of life—the religious surroundings to harmonize with which they were created by the great masters—are absent; and they are securely fixed in gaudy frames with brass plates at the bottom bearing their names, their makers and their ages, and hung in desolate rows for hurrying tourists to stare at and wonder how people "can really pretend to think such misshapen and unnatural things beautiful."

But religious art in a church, hung just where it was meant to hang—perhaps a fresco still on the wall where the brush of a Raphael left it—is something alive and breathing; and the man who can approach the mental attitude to which it was intended to appeal, will be rewarded by feeling in his soul an appreciation—however slight and however unworthy—of the thought of the master. This is the great charm of Italy; and, to an especial degree, of Rome. Here you see religious art ALIVE. You no longer wonder at the subjects which the masters have chosen, feeling it necessary to remind yourself again and again that their paymaster was the Church; for you are

more likely to regard the selection of their subjects as one of the surest marks of their genius, and to enjoy the marvellous skill with which they have blended the three purposes of their work—(1) the presentation of the subject, (2) the filling of the exact space assigned and (3) the production of a decorative whole.

Of course, even in Rome, much of the religious art is now out of its intended place. Michelangelo's "Moses," for example, as it stands the most prominent figure on the dwarfed tomb of Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli, was intended originally to mark one of the angles of a vast structure under the soaring dome of St. Peter's. But even this Moses has a religious setting, altogether unlike that of the two "Slaves" which are now in the Louvre, but which were intended to ornament the walls of this same colossal tomb. Although the little church in which it stands is out of the way and difficult for the tourist to find, it is in the mid-stream of devotion; for pilgrims constantly climb to it on its perch on the Esquiline Hill to make obeisance to the chains of St. Peter which are kept in a glass case, hidden by bronze doors, under the altar. The day we were there some Eastern pilgrims came, dressed like Russian peasants, and they prostrated themselves repeatedly, their foreheads striking the floor, before the rust-flecked iron chains as they hung in naked realism behind their glass shield. Then, without be-



MICHELANGELO'S "MOSES" IN SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI

stowing a glance upon the world-famed statue of the Hebrew law-giver which stood near at hand to the right, they hurried into a neighbouring room where they bought copies of the chains in steel and other mementoes to carry to their devout friends at home.

But it is to the shrine of Michelangelo that the tourist usually makes his or her pilgrimage up through the archway by the steep stone steps from Via Cavour. And if one be—like the writer—a mere learner and lover of art, it is well to sit down a while here and let the crowds pass out, and then look and look at the virile, massive, imposing figure of this indignant "Moses" until strength seems to shine from the very hair of his twisted beard,

and one feels an instinctive desire to draw back to be out of the way when the giant shall accomplish his evident purpose and spring up. Critics will tell you that the knee which is in full view is too large, and that the head is too small. That may all be, I have no means of forming an opinion myself. But certainly this is true—that no figure which I saw in Europe so embodied in my eye the conception of long patience, broken at last—of conscious strength, stirred by final indignation—as this mighty Moses showing his wrath at the waywardness of the Jews.

Another bit of art—well hidden away but well worth the finding out—is the Raphael fresco of the four "Sibyls" in Santa Maria della Pace. A close look at the accompanying engraving will show you that it is a fresco painted on the oddly shaped bit of wall that contains the arch of a chapel. Some of the figures in the chapel are visible in the picture. This is a fair illustration of the difficulty of the tasks frequently set these old painters. The builder of a church or a palace found that he had a section of wall uncovered with decoration, and he commissioned an immortal genius, who happened to be on earth at his time, looking for opportunities—and sometimes for money—to decorate it as it might seem best to him. In this case, Raphael fitted his



composition to the space assigned with a skill which has been the admiration of artists ever since. The Sibyls are in the act of writing down revelations regarding Christ which they are receiving from the angels who are hovering about; precisely such a topic as should be chosen for a church dedicated to St. Mary. The work itself is not so purely Raphaelesque as that in the Vatican, for instance, he having here come under the compelling influence of the great Buonarroti; but there is a grace about the Sibyls and a colour effect which is entirely Raphael.

Much of the most enjoyable church art in Rome is thus to be looked for in small churches. The church we have just been speaking of, for example, is so unimportant that it is not open all the time as are all the great churches, and we had to search out a caretaker with the aid of several small boys before we could get into it at all. That meant "feeing" the boys and then "feeing" the caretaker, the last "fee" being augmented by the fact that the old man had to carefully uncover the precious fresco before we could see it. Not very far from this church is another of the smaller churches which contains a priceless art treasure. This is the curiously named Santa Maria sopra Minerva, so called because it stands on the ruins of a temple to Minerva—so old is the soil of this eternal Rome. Hard by is the Pantheon, now a Christian Church but once a temple to the seven planetary gods, erected before the birth of Christ. In the church imposed on the temple of Minerva there stands near the altar an almost nude figure of Christ by Michelangelo. The great sculptor left it wholly nude; but an age of fig-leaf morality has given it a stiff apron of bronze.

Another isolated bit of art is Guido Reni's "St. Michael," which hangs in a little church near the Ludovisi Quarter called Santa Maria della Concezione, but which is more commonly known as the Capuchin Church, having vaults beneath it decorated with the bones of members of the order. This "St. Michael" is a very typical

example of Guido's work, which all approaches so nearly to modern standards that the novice comes early to enjoy him.

But, as in most matters ecclesiastical, the steps of the lover of church art in Rome must turn early and often to St. Peter's. The impression which this vast pile makes upon people is so diverse and is so constantly discussed at the "pension" tables of Rome, that the putting down of a solitary opinion in the absence of champions of the other views, seems to have a tinge of unfairness. Yet I cannot help saying that it never ceased to be a sensation for me to push through the heavy hangings that cumbered the entrances from the lofty porch, and stand at the end of the mighty nave and let my eye play along the polished marbles and the sweeping arches to the High Altar. It is not only that St. Peter's is the largest church in the world. Milan impressed my eye as quite as large; and the Gothic seems loftier than the Renaissance. It is rather the richness of St. Peter's—the careless, yet lavish wealth with which it is encrusted—that appealed to me. Even masterpieces are treated as if they were but subordinate decorations of a great church; and not as if they were the jewels for which the church was a costly setting, as often appears. Thus you turn aside at the entrance and step to the closed iron gates shutting off a small chapel; and there you will see—without any flourish or advertisement—the "Pieta" of Michelangelo. There are plenty of more gorgeous chapels under the roof of St. Peter's, and many a more conspicuous position; yet here in the twilight of a side-chapel stands this wonderful composition. I have never seen a photo which conveys to the eye an adequate impression of the beauty of this group. This, I fancy, must be due to the fact that photos are flat, and that they thus give an undue prominence to the desolate figure of the dead Christ on the knees of the immortally young Madonna. But when looking at the marble, the magical sweetness of the Madonna—that



GUIDO RENI'S "ST. MICHAEL" IN THE SANTA MARIA DELLA CONCEZIONE (CAPUCCINI)

"CHURCH ART IN ROME"



MICHELANGELO'S PIETA IN ST. PETER'S

type of maiden purity—gradually enfolds the whole composition in your mind until you forget the tragedy of the lifeless limbs in the foreground, and can see nothing but the mother-grief, blended with maiden shyness, that streams from the flower-face which, in its youth, has learned resignation before it has learned of the existence of despair.

Just across the church from the "Pieta," is a tomb before which English travellers pause with especial interest—the tomb of "the last of the Stuarts." The busts over the tomb door are those of "James III" and his two sons, the latter having borne the title of Cardinal York. Here in the greatest temple of the Church for which this royal family died—officially

as well as physically—it is fitting that there should be a noble monument to the wreckage of the race. This tomb is by Canova, that sculptor who, perhaps, better than any other satisfies a sort of superficial love of beauty in us. A little study of the two figures on each side of the tomb door will show what I mean. Another tomb by the same chisel—that of Clement XIII—will give an idea of the sort of Papal monuments with which St. Peter's is filled. Some of them are more magnificent, but none are more delicately beautiful than this; and you will see travellers seated on their camp-stools before them—like

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pilgrims before a shrine—quietly drinking in their marvellous beauty while the distant tinkle of a bell at some hidden altar or a rising and falling chant in a far-away chapel hardly seems to be in the same building with them.

The crowning act of an art pilgrimage among the Roman churches is, of course, to toil up the Scala Regia to the Sistine Chapel. This is probably the most precious room, in an art sense, in the world. The walls are decorated with frescoes by Botticelli and Signorelli, Pinturicchio and Perugino, and many another great name; while the ceiling and the altar-wall are covered with paintings from the brush of Michelangelo. It seems impossible to add anything to this simple statement. The novice will feel his awe somewhat

mitigated by a sure conviction that a ceiling is a bad place upon which to paint a masterpiece; and, after he has nearly dislocated his neck in an attempt to study the succession of pictures, he will discover that the attendants rent mirrors in which the lofty paintings may be enjoyed more at ease. Still, getting a reflection of a picture in a mirror is a poor substitute for sitting down before it—hung rationally on a wall—and having it out with it, face to face. Some people do not bother with mirrors, but throw themselves on their backs in order to stare upward, which custom may happily introduce a relieving element of comedy into the affair if they chance to lay their heads in the laps of total strangers.

If you would study Michelangelo as a painter, there is practically no other place to study him than in the Sistine Chapel. I only recall to have seen one canvas certainly from him, and that was a Holy Family in the Tribuna at Florence. He has left us plenty of statuary and plenty of noble architecture. They even show you some fortifications erected by him in Florence; for he was an enthusiastic patriot. But his reputation as a painter in modern eyes rests almost wholly on the ceiling and altar-wall of the Sistine Chapel.

The temptation while talking of church art in Rome, is constantly to



MONUMENT TO THE LAST OF THE STUARTS, BY CANOVA, IN ST. PETER'S

turn to the kindred topic of church architecture. Interior church decoration is, perhaps, a closer subject. I have not thought it worth while to get a single art feature from the interior of Santa Maria Maggiore; and yet wherever the eye might go it rested upon a feast of colour and form. So, also, the interiors of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's. But the subject of church art alone is large enough, and we have done little more than pick up a photo here and there in a large collection and look at them for a moment. If we have done this without a stir of envy for the many who now at Easter time are crowding Rome to its walls, and walking in the spring sunshine from one splendid church to another, we may congratulate ourselves.



THE WAYS OF THE CHILD

By JEAN BLEWETT

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love."—*Southey*.

HERE is a household maxim, or rather there was a household maxim to the effect that children should be seen and not heard. It is obsolete now. We grown-up people have helped to make it so by our encouragement, open and secret, of the conversational abilities of little folks.

But think of the vast amount of fun they make for us, to say nothing of the wisdom which lurks in the prattle of these late comers into this old workshop, yclept the world. Birds are free to warble, bees to buzz their busy song, crickets to chirp; why should not children be free to say their say?

But, argues some one, the children of this day and generation have too much to say, know too much about liberty and too little about rule. As a result they are pert, precocious and selfish. There is no denying the pertness. We will even own up to the precociousness. We listen to their smart sayings and pass them on. It is lovely to get hold of real originality.

We encourage them to talk for the pure pleasure of hearing them talk. The way they bring up a subject, discuss it with freedom, drop it without caring in the least whether we are convinced or not, is too good to lose. They are quick of vision, these bright-eyed little ones; they note these things, and noting them, put a value on themselves.

But the worst is on the surface. The children who are allowed to explain, allowed to plead their cause when brought up before the powers-that-be, allowed to speak out the thoughts which vex and perplex them, are bound to grow up with better—perhaps I should say happier, natures than the children who dare not question or protest. They can never know the bitterness, the stinging sense of injustice, which has broken many a little heart.

As for the selfishness, can we lay that at the door of our present system of training? Only a part of it, at most. True, the children of to-day demand more in the way of amuse-

ment, and care and dress than children used to demand, but the secret of it was well explained by a white-haired man of late. His friend was protesting against the extravagant tastes of children. "There's my little lad," he said; "at Christmas the uncles and aunts loaded him with presents, and his mother and I did our part. Was he satisfied? Not he. A Jew's harp, my big brother's discarded skates, a pair of red-topped boots, any one of these treasures was enough to tickle me out of my senses at his age. I tell you, our system of training is all wrong. It was little get and big joy in my day; it's the other way on now."

"Whose fault is that?" this from the white-haired man. "If your lad had brothers older than himself to give him cast-off boots and skates, likewise a good shaking-up once in a while, brothers younger than himself to hang on to him, wake the caretaking spirit in him, see to it that he did not have too good a time, and sisters of all ages to tell him what a guy and a gawk he was, to lecture him, laugh at him, love him with a big wholesome love, he would not be the selfish little rascal he is. It is your family of one or two that is bound to get spoiled. There is safety in numbers, my friend."

There is certainly safety in numbers. As a rule, the big family is the happy family. The members of it are a jolly lot. They have to give up many things, do with little and bear with a lot very often, but what of it? It is more than made up to them by the wealth of real happiness, the pleasures always shared, the unswerving affection which is a part and parcel of their environment. In all walks of life it is the same.



STUDY OF A CHILD
PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. W. W. PEARCE

A little ragamuffin was discussing domestic affairs with a sympathetic lady not long ago. "Yes," he said, "there's five of us, an' all of us is dietin', doin' with Johnny-cake an' skim-milk on account of Bennie. He's a pindlin' little chap, but gamey as anything. He's off in the country now—golly! It seems funny to think of him bein' toted here an' there, an' all over, on account of his back havin' a crook in it. We're all soft on Bennie. I give him my blue flannen shirt when he was goin'—hain't had one to my back since; but Lor! what's a shirt, anyway? I'd be willin' to throw in the trousers if he'd only come home fat."

Of a truth there is safety in numbers. A scene I witnessed in Chicago comes to mind. The bully of a particular corner, a shock-headed newsboy,



STUDY OF A CHILD
PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. W. W. PEARCE

had pounced upon a very small rival and was threatening him with fearful things, when up dashed a slim, big-eyed youth to the rescue. "Tech him, an' you won't hev a hull bone in yer body when the seven of us is through with yer. Blood's thicker 'n water, an' we hangs together, you better believe," he yelled in shrill defiance, and the bully found he had other business to attend to.

But the large family is the exception rather than the rule these days. "And do you mean to tell me that all these girls and boys are yours? Well, well, you have an extra big circle," exclaimed a certain gentleman on his first visit to the home of a well-known Toronto barrister who is the proud possessor of as bonny a brood as one need ask to see.

"Well, that depends," returned his host genially. "For instance, when our Chicago cousins come to see us we find ourselves wishing we had let the twins go on a visit to the aunts and sent one or two of the babies over to grandma for the time being. We have an embarrassment of riches as it were. But when some friend from Lower Canada drops in, and after looking our flock over, inquires: 'Are these all the children you have?' we always say apologetically, 'These are all—as yet.' Left to ourselves we think we have just the right number."

The pathos of childhood, the humour of childhood, the sentiment of childhood, are things which appeal to us. There is no sorrow quite so real as the sorrow of a child. It does not matter that the sorrow has no adequate cause—it may be over the veriest trifle, yet so real is it, so unfeigned, it grips you in spite of yourself. It is a hard-hearted individual who can see a child in grief and not essay to comfort it. We hardly realize the moving power of tears until we find ourselves wiping them from the dimpled cheek of a little one.

A certain lady made it her boast



TAKING TEA

BY HOWARD DAY AIKEN, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD PHOTOGRAPHER WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE



HOWARD DAY AIKEN

that she never cried without adequate reason. She had gone through a long series of misunderstandings and worries, entailing a certain amount of real heartache without shedding a tear, and we were beginning to think her brave, almost to hardness, when, one day, we came on four-year-old Bessie beside the lilac hedge, crying as if her heart would break. "It's dead," she said, opening her hand to show us a limp yellow bird; "it pecked at its cage, and I opened the door and let it out to sing in the sun. It was so glad it singed and singed to me, and the cat heard it, and—and." Down went the tear-stained cheek to the ruffed feathers of the dead canary. "Ittie bits o' birdie," breaking into baby lingo; "won't you open your pitty eyes, and peck at me any more at all, at all?" The sobbing grew tempestuous, and the lady lifted the child into her arms. "It is only a bird," she said soothingly; "the garden is full of just as sweet

singers as he was." "But none of them is my Dicky, dear Dicky, that singed the song I teached him, 'cause he loved me. I don't want robins, and frushees and things. I want my own bad little Dicky, I do." "Don't cry, sweetheart," whispered the lady, and down on Bessie's curls dropped tears from the eyes which neither trouble nor disappointment had been able to dim.

A child's satire is a withering thing. My neighbour has a golden-haired, azure-eyed mite of a daughter who often comes up on the verandah to play with me. She looks like an angel, but I am afraid appearances are deceitful, for anything more worldly-wise than she it would be hard to find. One day last summer she drew my attention to some passers-by. A very large woman was wheeling one of the immense, old-time baby-buggies. In it was seated the very tiniest of babies, and beside her walked a man whose head did not reach her shoulder. "What's her doing with such a wide-long carriage?" inquired Miss Golden Locks. I shook my head. Over the seraphic face swept an expression of raillery. "Maybe she puts her poor little man in, too, when he gets tired keeping up, eh?" she said with a giggle of pure ridicule.

This was conscious satire; the unconscious is harder to bear up under. Eve went to see a new baby. It was anything but a pretty baby, being red-faced, bleary-eyed and bald-headed, but the baby's mother was blind to its defects, naturally. She was so proud of it that she must needs ask Eve for an opinion. "Did you buy him for your own?" asked Eve guardedly. "Yes, for my very own," answered the proud mother. "And won't they take him back if you ask them?" "Certainly not." Eve took another long look, then said, hopefully, "Well, don't feel too bad 'bout it; maybe you can trade him for anozzer baby—or sumfin'." Fortunately the mother had a saving sense of humour.



THE LITTLE AEOLUS
PHOTOGRAPH BY CORA STANWOOD COBB

Bobby has made a woman his enemy for life by just such a criticism. Bobby is a dear. He has big, honest, brown eyes, and an independent air, and strides around on his two short legs as though monarch of all he surveys. He was taken to call on the baby across the way. "Well, my lad," said the family doctor, who happened to drop in, "what do you say to my bringing the mate of this to your place? You're getting too big to be the baby." Bobby has spent two summers of his short life on the farm. Evidently some lore gathered there came to his mind, for, with an emphatic shake of the brown head, he said with much firmness, "No, sank you, doctor; we don't want no culls."

Oh, yes, they are bound to find out things—things they ought to know, and things they ought not; they absorb knowledge like the thirsty little sponges they are. Their descriptions are right to the point. Could any one be obtuse enough not to know that

Dorothy had come upon an angle-worm while paddling in the rivulet a spring shower had left on the lawn, when she ran in exclaiming, "I seed a funny little white snake that longed itself out and shorted itself up like father's field glass." "What's it doing that for?" asked somebody. "I don't know," answered Dorothy, puckering her brows, "but I sink it's looking for its head 'cause it hasn't a bit of a one."

They have everything to learn, these angels of our households, these tender intruders into our hearts and lives, and sometimes I have thought that they have everything to teach. There are so many wonderful things we never know until they impart them to us. Pure and sweet, and worth all things else put together. "And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them."

"I love these little people," says the kindly Charles Dickens, "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."



EASTER LILIES
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE GORE VALLEY VIADUCT

THE STORY OF A BUSINESS DEAL

By HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

EONGER, you see," said Haliburton, explaining the matter to the stock clerk, "it's this way: if Murphy had got the job on the first go off he'd a' taken it at a decent price. But O'Brien & Parker was the low bid an' they took the whole nine miles between Lenox and Middleburg. Then, it struck them they had too much, and that's the way they come to sublet this three-mile hunk to the old man."

"Well, what's that got to do with him sending *you* down here?"

"I'm getting to that," responded the new superintendent. "When he signed the papers he didn't start work right away and then the price of cement took a jump. When he was ready to go ahead, considerin' that O'Brien & Parker's profits had to be reckoned on as well as his own, there wasn't room for him to make anything out of it at all. So the old man told Whitner to come down and do the job and scamp it for all it was worth; but being the crack superintendent and having a bit of reputation of his own, Whitner says to him, 'You go soak your head.' Then Murphy sent me down because there weren't any one better."

"Told you, I reckon, that it wouldn't hurt the quality of the piers none if you was to drop an empty barrel here and there in the middle o' a pile o' concrete," drawled the stock-clerk.

"Not exactly," answered Haliburton, smiling; "just kinder suggested, though, that it wouldn't hurt my standing with him to keep down expenses all I could. Said he wasn't interfering at all, but that he'd like to have the balance on the right side when I was done."

The superintendent's left eyelid took a significant droop.

"Then," said Fonger, "I suppose here's where I take to the pines and

the tall grass and figger up how much cement we're *not* goin' to need."

Haliburton did not answer for a moment.

"I haven't any reputation to lose worth speakin' of," said he at length, "but I was just thinkin' that p'raps I might do somethin' along the line of makin' one. This is the first job worth a red that I ever had the bossin' of, and it seems to me that it would be a shame not to make it somethin' worth while. Between you and me, Fonger, I guess maybe you won't need to fix that cement book. I've got a scheme and I reckon we'll give Gore Valley a trestlework that'll carry cars for a day or two more than Murphy counts on."

Haliburton very quickly set about working out his ideas. He disappointed the railway company's inspector, who had hoped to be called upon to pass a crooked job and line his pocket at the contractor's expense. The subject was not openly broached. Both were too wary and had been on too many jobs for that; but when Haliburton discharged two foremen who had been accustomed to different conditions, the inspector had suspicions that the land did not lie to suit him.

Then the superintendent wrote a letter to John Sears.

Sears was the owner of extensive peat marl beds about fifteen miles down the line and the proprietor of a rather one-horse cement mill. For years he had vainly endeavoured to get Three Star Portland well placed on some important work, but had never been able to obtain a foothold. Consequently, in reply to Haliburton's note, he came up on the jump.

The superintendent received him affably.

"Mr. Sears," said he, "what are you selling Three Star Portland for?

It's fairly good stuff—answers our purpose all right, you know—an' I was thinkin' that if we could get the price right, maybe we might use it on the Gore Valley Viaduct."

Sears was in ecstasy. Even in his wildest dreams he had never dared to hope for such luck. This would mean his making.

"I guess we can fix that," replied he, smoothly concealing his feelings. "The distance for transporting it is short and, at the market price, Three Star would effect you a very considerable saving on freight alone."

"Tush, tush, man," said Haliburton, waving him aside; "let's get down out of the air. This is a big thing for you and there's a pile of money in it. We ain't goin' to pay you the market price or anythin' like it."

Sears' face fell, but he made a brave bluff. Shrugging his shoulders, he reached for his hat. Haliburton pushed him back into his chair.

"Now," said he, "listen here. You saw the prices of this work advertised and you know as well as I do what it's worth. And as you know the price of cement has gone up since the contract was signed. It used to be two dollars a barrel; it's sellin' now for three seventy-five. If I was to try to shove the thing through at prices so much higher than Murphy estimated, he wouldn't make a cent. We've got to buy cheaper. By the way, what are your references?"

"The usual tests."

"Yes, I know. But the stuff's never been used on anything big, has it?"

The manufacturer confessed it had not.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take cement from you for the whole of our work at two dollars a barrel, f.o.b. the Viaduct. How's that?"

Sears affected to believe he had been listening to a huge joke and went off into a paroxysm of mirth. The more Haliburton insisted he meant what he said, the more wildly hilarious became the manufacturer.

"Think it over," said the superintendent shortly, "and just suit your-

self about it. I'll be around the work for ten minutes or so, and if you want to supply the stuff you'd better get ready to say so now. We must have the first consignment here in ten days, and if you don't want to be the man to send it in I'll have to wire New York for it."

At the end of eight minutes Sears followed him and surrendered.

In three months Haliburton put through no inconsiderable amount of work. Day in and day out his men toiled and, for all the thermometer stood most of the time below the freezing-point, sweat profusely. Swedes, Italians and negroes worked side by side in the excavations and on the masonry, and every Sabbath new progress-marks on the blue-print chart in the superintendent's office showed what they had accomplished during the week. From mere foundation excavations the piers rose to almost their full height before O'Brien & Parker even made a pretense of starting on their section.

Sears supposed this was on account of the prices of material and that they were waiting for cement to take a drop. But on endeavouring to sell them, he discovered that he was wrong; that they had taken the precaution of buying before the rise in prices. He was unable to do anything with them.

When at last they did start work, the superintendent in charge made preparations to do up such a job as would have delighted Murphy's heart.

"You don't mean to tell me," said he in astonishment to Haliburton, "that you're makin' them piers solid right through!"

"Sure!" replied the superintendent. "Isn't that what the contract calls for?"

The other looked at him in doubt as to what new kind of fool this might be.

"Expect to make money?" he questioned.

"Murphy does," answered Haliburton tersely; "I don't ring in on the profits."

"Profits!" sniffed the O'Brien & Parker man contemptuously. "Pro-

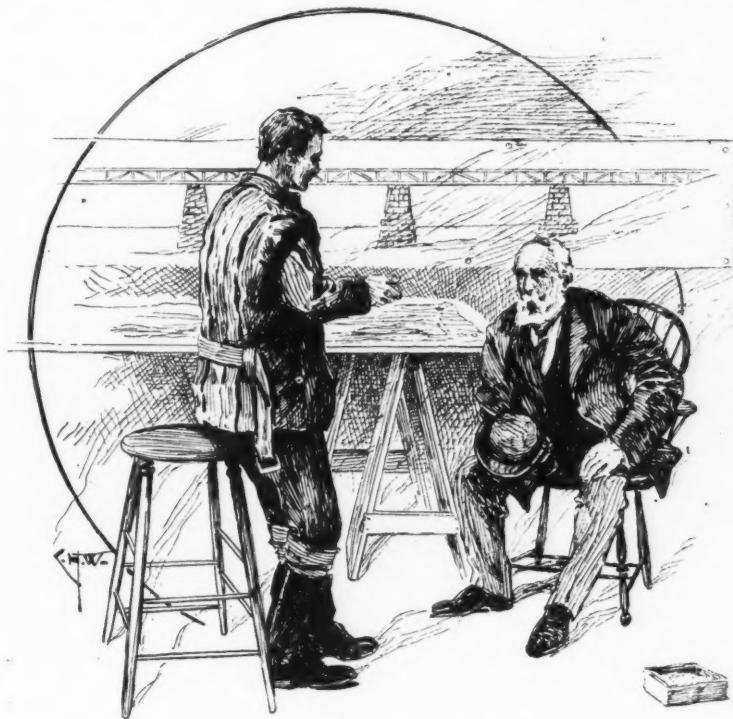
THE GORE VALLEY VIADUCT

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fits! He'd better take a run down here right away if he expects to know the meaning of that word when *you're* through. Why, man, at the rate you're goin' it's goin' to cost more to do the job than Murphy'll ever see out of it, and considerin' the retained percentages and the interest he'll lose on his money, he'll be away in the hole."

higher and higher, until its edges, under ordinary circumstances twenty feet from the nearest pier, hungrily licked the bases of fully half of them. Indications were for a late spring with a still further rise, and the superintendents of both gangs made preparations accordingly.

There was little that could be done,



"Let's get down out of the air"

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

Haliburton offered no comment and the other went away with a very low opinion of Murphy's choice of a boss.

As February merged into March and March into April, a danger threatened the work with which the builders had not reckoned. The melting of the snow on the hillsides up country had its effect on the little stream that trickled down the middle of the valley. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it came

however. Haliburton laid off the greater part of his force and waited for the water to go down. Unlike O'Brien & Parker's man, he seemed to have no doubt as to the stability of his work. The other was in a constant agony of apprehension lest some undue freshet should sweep away his winter's labour.

"About three days more ought to bring it as high as it'll go," said Sears to Haliburton one afternoon as they

sat on the bank watching the torrent swirl in a great eddy around the corner of the nearest pier.

"Sears," answered the superintendent with apparent irrelevance, "I'm about sick of this contracting business. This is the way it always happens; as soon as everything is running along nice and smooth something goes wrong, and then you have it all to do over again. I think I'll get out of it and into something else. For instance, now, what'd you take for a half interest in the cement business?"

The manufacturer grinned.

"Just suppose now," pursued Haliburton, still gazing abstractedly across the water, "that I was to come to you inside of about a month and say 'Here's a contract at three dollars a barrel for all the cement on that six-mile section of O'Brien & Parker's'—what would you say?"

"I reckon it would be worth your ten per cent."

"No you don't, Sears," replied Haliburton sharply; "no you don't; not for a minute. That's a dollar a barrel more'n you're gettin' from Murphy and twice as big a quantity needed. Why, you'd be gettin' more business at one stroke than you've had in the last ten years. What you reckon is that it'd be worth changing the name of the firm to 'Sears & Haliburton'."

"It ain't likely you'd get it," sneered the manufacturer sulkily. "I went after it myself and couldn't land it, an' with you workin' for another man I don't see how you're goin' to do any better."

"There's a lot of things you don't see, Sears. It took you ten years to get your stuff onto this job, and you wouldn't have got it there even then if I hadn't gone after you. Will you give me the month to try it?"

"Sure! Two, if you like, seein' it's a miracle you'll have to work."

Haliburton caught him by the shoulder.

"Just come inside and we'll write it down," he said.

That was on Friday. Twenty-four hours later the water had risen so that

Haliburton felt that he had better wire Murphy on the state of affairs. The contractor and Whitner, his head superintendent, arrived at half-past seven Sunday evening. The flood was still rising and Haliburton was out on the work. Murphy stayed in the office while Whitner went out to find him.

After fifteen minutes' search he located the superintendent standing at the edge of the swollen river and peering out into the dusk. Haliburton saw Whitner coming and beckoned him to hurry.

"There goes the second," he cried excitedly as the other came up. "The dam up at Blackwell's has given 'way. I had a message from there this afternoon to say it couldn't hold out much longer. I've been expecting it for a week."

"What's that?" queried Whitner, pointing out in the twilight to where the foam sprayed high over some obstruction.

"Out there?" Haliburton pointed. "That was O'Brien & Parker's third pier; there's not much left of it now."

Whitner was taking in the situation. "How about yours?" he questioned; "they seem to be getting the force of the current more than the others."

"Yes, and they could stand it stronger yet," laughed the superintendent. "That's the sort of thing they're built for."

They had quite forgotten Murphy. Fascinated by the roar and swirl of the mad torrent, they had ear for nothing else and quite failed to hear the contractor come up behind them.

"Every one of them piers is solid right through," said Haliburton, proud with the consciousness of having done a good piece of work and seeing it put to the test. "There's not a thing but the best concrete in them anywhere."

"Humph!"

Both turned at the sound. Murphy was standing there, jaws set very tight and lips pursed up ominously.

"A very good job, indeed!" said he grimly. "Really a most excellent piece of work! One, I have no doubt, that will net me a very handsome profit!"

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN



"That was O'Brien and Fletcher's train. They

When he had placed Haliburton in charge he had given him no instructions other than to do the work and make a profit on it. He made it a practice to employ men whom he believed were competent and who understood what he wanted without having to be told. Busy with politics himself, he pulled the wires that secured the contracts; the carrying out of the details he left to subordinates. If a man betrayed that implied confidence, Murphy had no further use for him. He never asked explanations; he was looking for results.

"Mr. Whitner," he said with a crispness that admitted of no dispute, "you will take charge. Mr. Haliburton, your check will be ready for you in the morning. You may consider yourself relieved."

Haliburton said nothing. In his heart he was angry that Murphy should have discharged him without an investigation; yet he felt that any explanation on his part would be undignified. It would be better to allow the contractor to discover for himself that he had made a mistake. Going to the top of the bank, he seated himself on a boulder where he could view the scene.

"That's pretty hard on the boy," said Whitner at length. He and Murphy were about the same age, and he spoke rather with the freedom of an associate than an employee.

"We must have a pretty cement bill," answered Murphy, defending his action.

"Yes," agreed the other; "but the work hasn't washed away, like O'Brien & Parker's."

"That's only his luck," grunted the contractor; "a mere chance. If it hadn't o' been for this flood they'd o' made a blame sight more'n me, an' I've got to teach him a lesson. As long as I'm footing the bill, my orders are to be carried out."

"I don't know as you ever gave him any," said Whitner.

"No," said Murphy dryly. "I didn't take him for a blame fool."

Next morning the worst of the danger was pretty well over. With entire

confidence in Whitner, Murphy returned to the city.

The superintendent determined to make an investigation of the supply question. He calculated the number of barrels of cement and started to figure out the cost. Then, for the first time, he noticed the brand and the price that was paid for it. He went down and inspected the work and the looks of the material. Its appearance satisfied him and, put to the test, the quality more than pleased him.

"I'll gamble," said he to Fonger that evening, "that when the old man looks into this, he offers Haliburton his job again."

Later he sent Murphy a detailed report that made that individual open his eyes.

The same mail brought the contractor another letter. It bore the imprint of the C. H. & K. R., the railroad from which O'Brien & Parker held their contract. He deftly ran the paper knife along the edge and opened it. It read:

Dear Sir: Acting on advice from our inspectors, we have cancelled contract No. 7,864, being that held by Messrs. O'Brien & Parker on which you are a sub-contractor. Our inspectors have carefully examined your contract, however, and have made us so satisfactory a report upon the ability of the man you have placed in charge and the manner in which your specifications are being lived up to, that we are highly pleased. We are willing, if you will take the entire section at O'Brien & Parker's prices, to turn the whole work over to you for completion.

Of course there will be a number of details to arrange, but first we should like to know what you have to say on this proposition.

Trusting we may be able to arrange satisfactorily, we are,

Yours truly,
JOSIAH BRIGGS,
President and General Manager.

Murphy drew a long breath. Almost convulsively, he touched the bell on his desk.

"Wire Whitner and have Haliburton come up here as soon as possible," he said to the clerk. "Have him arrange with this man Sears for cement enough to do O'Brien & Parker's work; tell him I'm going to finish it."

Haliburton heard all about it before he went to the city. He called Sears on the telephone.

"Whitner'll be after you to buy cement for all O'Brien & Parker's section," he told him; "Murphy has it to finish."

A chuckle came from the other end of the wire.

"Just remember that agreement of ours before you go accepting his offer. It's good for ten days yet." Then he rang off.

When Haliburton entered Murphy's office, the contractor met him with a broad smile of welcome,

"Sit down," said he, shoving a cigar-box across the table. "Smoke?"

Haliburton refused the proffered cigar. Seating himself expectantly on the edge of the chair, he waited for Murphy to open the conversation. This the contractor lost no time in doing.

"Seems as if we can't do without you," said he with a forced jocularity. "Got to get you back. You didn't do so bad, after all, in that cement business."

That was as near an apology as Murphy ever came for having discharged his superintendent unjustly, but Haliburton knew his man and appreciated the sentence for what it was worth. Of this, however, he said nothing, but scratched his head in apparent stupidity.

"I don't just know as I can come back," he replied at last. "You see, I've sort o' made a dicker with old man Sears and was calculatin' to take an interest in his business. I reckon those marl beds might be worth somethin' if they was worked right."

"Have you made any definite arrangements with him?"

"Well, I don't know as I have, an' then again I don't know as I haven't. We signed a thing you might say was binding."

Just what the document was that they had signed he was careful not to say.

"I see." Murphy was annoyed to think that he had gone out of his way to offer a man the job and then to have it refused. "I suppose, then, we'll have to look to you to sell us our cement," he said, skilfully covering his feelings.

"I'd like to," replied Haliburton.

"Well, how much can you supply it for?" questioned the contractor. "We've had that piece of O'Brien & Parker's turned over to us to finish and we've got to buy our stuff at a pretty good price to make on it. But you know all about that. What's your best figger?"

"Three an' a quarter."

"Three and a quarter! That's a pretty steep thing to steer me up against. You got it from Sears yourself for a dollar an' a quarter less'n that. You know as well as I do we can't give you anything like such a price."

"Well, you see," replied Haliburton, "that was when Sears had never been able to get his goods onto anything big. Now that he's got a footing for it, it sells well enough without having to drop prices at all. Besides, three an' a quarter a barrel is half a dollar less'n the market price, and with the freight you'd save you ought to make a pretty good thing out o' it."

"Quite out of the question," said Murphy. "Quite out of the question."

"Good-day." Haliburton had his hand on the door-knob. Murphy took the bluff.

"Hold on a minute," he cried; "can't you do any better than that? Say three dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct, and I'll sign a contract on the spot."

Haliburton shoved the door shut again. The extra twenty-five cents a barrel had only been put on so that it might be taken off when necessary. Going over to Murphy's desk he threw down his hat and, deliberately seating himself, lighted a cigar and put his feet in the centre of another chair.

"Murphy," he said, as he blew a ring of smoke high into the air and watched it circle upward, "we might as well get right down to business at once and cut all this nonsense. About a week ago you fired me—principally because I had done a good job for you and you didn't know it. Yesterday you got O'Brien & Parker's section to finish. You think that's a piece

repay me for what my plans have done for you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You would like to be able to get that cement at the original price and I'm the man that's able to dictate what you'll have to put up. I want an interest in your business. In plain English, I want you to make the name of the firm 'Murphy & Haliburton.'"

The contractor gasped. Such audac-



"Murphy, we might as well get right down to business"

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

of luck. You're wrong! I foresaw it from the very moment I saw how they intended doing the job. I've planned this whole thing and it's come out just exactly as I planned. I anticipated spring freshets when we started work and I had their coming timed almost to a day. I counted on them to put O'Brien & Parker out of business and show up the kind of work I was doing. They did it. Now, I've got a proposition to make to you by which you can

ity in any one but himself was beyond his comprehension. He could not understand it.

"You're certainly moderate in your demands, young man," he said with fine sarcasm.

It was diamond cut diamond.

"I offer to sell you cement at two dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct—the original price—in exchange. It's the only way you can make anything on the job."

"What's your object?"

"I want a footing."

The very boldness of the idea appealed to Murphy. A self-made man, the very sense of push in himself made him recognize the same qualities in his superintendent.

"Of course," said he, "it would do away with the necessity of paying a superintendent on the work."

"It would if we do without one," said Haliburton dryly. "If I should happen to do the work, I'll need two hundred and fifty a month for my services."

The use of the word "we" was not lost on Murphy. There was no sign of a backdown anywhere. Had there been the least quiver of an eyelash, the superintendent would have lost then and there. But there was none;

Haliburton was bluffing superbly. His answer on the question of salary was the limit—the one straw necessary to clinch the deal, and, though he never knew it, it decided Murphy. The man to whom no bread was preferable to the half loaf, who risked his all on one throw, and could then stand without the tremor of a muscle awaiting the decision—that was the man for whom the contractor was looking.

"That's an even hundred a month more than you've been getting," he said as a last crack.

As quick as a shot and as steady came back the answer.

"Exactly. And three times the work!"

Murphy smiled under his mustache.

"All right," he assented; "we'll have a new sign painted. Come and have lunch."

THE TEA DANCE AT FORT DONALD

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "*Blood Lilies*," Etc.



CAPTAIN BALL, stout, red-faced, Irish, plugging down the broad Saskatchewan with his alligator-bellied craft, pulled a yellow paper from his pocket, and read, for the twentieth time:

"CAPT. BALL,
S.S. *Saskatoon*,
EDMONTON.

WINNIPEG.

Hurry down. His Excellency the Governor-General will meet your steamer at Grand Rapids, and proceed to Edmonton on tour.

H. B. C."

Then he chuckled joyously; for at Fort Donald Factor Gourelot had derided his tale of His Excellency's visit. There was no telegraph wire running to that post, and Ball had said nothing of the absolute evidence he carried in his pocket.

In that land of emphatic life, belief and disbelief were settled by a bet, or a blow, or an appeal to the little priest. So Factor Gourelot and Captain Ball wagered the cost of a mighty

tea dance on the vital question of Governor or no Governor at Fort Donald.

Ball skinned blithely down the rushing Saskatchewan to Grand Rapids, banking on the telegraph slip that was in his pocket.

Now it happened that Lord Mull changed his mind at the very last moment, and decided to go by trail to Fort Donald to meet the *Saskatoon* there. His luggage was on the steamer that ran to Grand Rapids, and that boat puddled away over the placid bosom of Lake Winnipeg without Lord Mull. But, as it happened, three Englishmen of high caste had been more or less put upon the steamer through the night.

Ball had not been notified of this change in the Governor's plans; so when the baggage, with a lordly coronet on it, came over the portage, followed by three men of blue blood evident, he knew that he had Factor Gourelot beaten to a standstill.

The three passengers came up the

gang plank and were shown to their cabins—the cabins that Captain Ball had furnished and painted for the vice-regal party.

The starting bell clanged; the great double engines heaved a damp sigh of remonstrance, for the half-condensed steam lay heavy on their chests; the big paddle-wheel shoved slowly, lazily at the muddy waters of the river; dry and fretful the pier posts squeaked as the Manilla hawsers ran hot about their polished necks; faster the wooden arms turned the great wheel; harder the paddle boards struck at the swift-running stream; out swung the big turtle-nosed craft; and soon in mid-water the *Saskatoon* was ploughing towards Fort Donald, and the undoing of Louis Gourelot.

"Now, me frog-eatin' spaldeen," chuckled Ball to himself, "we'll see who pays for the jig music. Ye knew all about it; I waz wrong—an' I've got liquor enough aboard to break him," he confided to himself. "Ah, but I'll down yeh fer all time, me doutin' Frenchy."

The Captain waited with nervous expectation for the appearance of His Excellency. He was in luck—he would come by a handsome present from the great man; probably a gold watch—yes, that was the usual emolument. At his elbow, with monotonous regularity, the half-breed pilot was putting the *Saskatoon* now to starboard, now to port; humouring each eddy, judging the swing of each point; taking his bearings from poplar bluff, and cut bank, and scrub oak.

At twelve o'clock the Captain's guests, long of limb and red-cheeked, detached themselves from their cabins.

Captain Ball had never seen the Governor, but with rare intuition he singled him out with one sharp scrutiny.

With a military salute, he said, "Good mornin', yer Excellency."

A pair of blue eyes opened a little at this—there was even a confused twinkle in them as their possessor answered quietly, "Good morning, Captain."

The other boat officials, engineer and pilot, even the cook, greeted the blue-eyed man with the same respectful salutation.

Half-an-hour later the man was saying to his two comrades, "Dick, what the devil do they mean by calling me 'Your Excellency'?"

"They're good judges," replied Dick; "you have all the ear-marks of a great man—I've always said so."

"You've got some devilish lark on, I know; I'll bet a guinea you and Cecil are putting up a job on me."

"Hardly," retorted his companion; "I've been in my cabin; so has Cecil."

"Tommy rot!" Blue Eyes exclaimed, "it's your idea of humour, I suppose; I'll pump that red-faced Captain—"

"Look here, Ronald," pleaded Dick, "don't be an ass; they've made some funny old blunder, and think you're the Gov., or somebody, and there'll be no end of fun in keeping it up."

"I dare say—for you fellows," commented Ronald dryly.

"Don't spoil sport," beseeched Dick; "it'll be dull on this old tub."

In the end Dick had his way, Ronald promising to sit tight and watch the reincarnating of himself.

Then the man upon whom this honour had been thrust drew the garrulous Captain until the latter told the thing which lay close to his heart—the great humiliation that had become a certainty for Louis Gourelot.

"This mad Captain has bet a close-fisted Frenchman at Fort Donald oceans of whiskey and eating beyond count that he brings the Governor-General to that post this trip—that's the keynote to the whole joyful thing." This is what Ronald told his companions.

"We've got to help him out," declared Dick; "it's a national duty—we're Britons, and he's putting this up against a Frenchman."

"What makes him take me for the Governor?" queried Ronald.

"What's the difference?" objected Cecil; "what is, is; and shall we pull the whiskers of fate? You just sit tight, and we'll draw these aborigines

until life on the Saskatchewan will be something sweet to remember?"

"Well, I'll stand to it," agreed Ronald, "if I can get Irish to tone down the honours."

So the fair-haired man who was His Excellency by right of the Captain's insistence, explained to the latter that his trip was quite unofficial. Had Captain Ball ever heard of Haroun Al Raschid?"

Ball was sure the gentleman, Mr. — Mr. —?

"Raschid," volunteered Ronald.

Yes—Mr. Raschid had never come to the Northwest—the Saskatchewan, else he would have remembered him, for he had a great memory for names and faces.

The Governor explained that he was like Mr. Raschid, one who went about his empire incognito—"just looking at things, you know."

The Captain understood. Once he himself had gone disguised as a poor whiskey trader amongst the Indians at Duck Lake to discover if they were up to sedition.

"So just drop all formality," the Governor commanded, "and at Fort Donald ask your French friend to tone down his jubilee a bit."

With Ronald committed to his office his two companions developed a line of jocund attention; they unearthed an army of people who had designs upon His Excellency.

A half-breed lady with a complexion like rich coffee and cream sought political preferment for her husband; government pay was so sure. She was advised by Dick that His Excellency was essentially a ladies' man, his bashfulness was all put on; if she besieged the Governor good and strong, her husband would be a made man. She accepted the advice and followed it with vehemence.

A family of half-breeds, clinging like chicks to a delapidated father, had been defrauded of scrip land by heartless officials. Cecil gently pushed them forward to the worriment of His Excellency. The family of nine lay in wait for Lord Mull that was, and when he

dodged the assiduous married lady he ran into the arms of some of the nine.

An old Scot who had been unjustly discharged by the H.B. Co., was easily induced to devote three hours a day of his time to explaining his troubles so that the Governor might put them right.

A whiskey trader, whose horses had been seized by the Mounted Police, and who had been fined five hundred dollars "all on perjured evidence, by God, sir!" was given a chance to lay his case before the highest official in the land. He had plenty of time, and a strong Western vocabulary, so he stinted neither one nor the other when he got his chance at Ronald.

His Excellency had come upon a season of unrest; his cabin became a durbar court—a council tepee. When he stole to the deck for a walk he fell over people lying in wait for him; when he sought to retire, the clamorous seekers for justice talked with him into the small hours of the morning.

Cecil and Dick congratulated their companion upon his acting. "By Jove, old boy, you're doing deuced well," Dick said; "I never saw such a bally shindy in my life."

"But I can't get a minute's sleep," lamented Ronald; "all hours of the night they're with me, and at cock-crow that devilish old Scot is peering in at my window. I can't make out half he says either—barbarous sort of chap. I'm going to chuck the whole bally business."

Diligently the conspirators encouraged the claimants; and when John Hank, ex-sergeant of Mounted Police, dropped from the clouds, or crawled up from the stoke hole and stood erect, his heels clicked together, before His Excellency, Ronald fell heir to an inspiration—he was being worked by his graceless companions.

"Deuced funny, by Jove! fairly stupid of me; those two bounders are pulling my leg insufferably," the quondam Lord Mull muttered.

Of course, ex-Sergeant Hank had troubles—Ronald would have given a guinea a minute for a chat with some

one who had not a depressing tale of woe. Hank had been deprived of his stripes unjustly. He had voted against the Government, and his inspector, who was a molly-coddling sneak, had marked him. Boiled down, his refrain of an hour clothed this simple tale of outrage.

Sergeant Hank had come with the evening shades, and Lord Mull drew him into his cabin. Shutting the door, he asked sharply, "Who sent you to me, Sergeant?"

"Your secretary, Mr. Cecil, your Excellency."

"At last he has done me a service; I will explain—first I want your word of honour—you are a military man—"

The Sergeant drew himself up proudly, and expanded his chest.

"I want your word of honour that you will preserve absolute secrecy."

Hank complied with elation.

"You will do me a service—a great service?" His Excellency asked.

Sergeant Hanks saluted.

"Well, now you may consider yourself attached to my staff, *pro tem*, of course. I have been much worried over my *new* secretary"—the speaker laid emphasis upon the qualifying adjective—"he is, well—" Lord Mull tapped his forehead with a forefinger suggestively. Sergeant Hank looked wise.

"I see you understand; did you notice anything peculiar yourself, Sergeant?"

"Ahem—ah! he—he was a bit flighty, your Excellency."

"Just so. It may be hereditary; but I'm inclined to think it is brandy. Now, there's a case of this ferocious stuff in Mr. Cecil's cabin—I happen to know this."

The Sergeant's mouth watered. Ronald sat drumming idly on the side of his bunk.

"Your Excellency would like—" The policeman stopped, for he read in the mild blue eyes something that was much better put that way than done into awkward, brutal speech.

He saluted in admiration.

"I will attend to the matter, your Excellency."

"You shall be well rewarded, Sergeant; you are a man of quick understanding—you Mounted Police are wonderful chaps, I must say."

The ex-policeman saluted, and withdrew.

Ronald chuckled softly as he shoved his long limbs into pyjamas, and stretched himself in his bunk.

That night the case of liquor sank gurgling to the mud bottom of the Saskatchewan, and in the morning there was much distraught uneasiness in Mr. Cecil's behaviour. The damn half-breeds, or somebody of immoral nature, had stolen a case of brandy from his cabin, he explained to Captain Ball.

The ship was searched. That nothing was found did not mystify the Captain so much as the apparent fact that none of the breeds were drunk. What, in the name of extinct buffaloes, had become of the brandy?

Sergeant Hank preserved the silence of a good soldier, and His Excellency only smiled to himself when the sufferer reviled the thieves.

Having urgent worriment of his own, Cecil ceased from troubling Ronald, and the latter's life became bearable.

On the morning of the fifteenth, as the *Saskatoon* rounded the last point in the river coming to Fort Donald, Captain Ball saw with delight that its populace had lined the bank in eager waiting. The thud of the heavy paddle-wheel had carried news of his advent long before he turned the big river bend that laved the clay feet of the old fort.

"Give ould Gourelot a blast from the whistle," he commanded the engineer.

From the hollow cap of the huge whistle a derisive challenge hoarse-called the French Factor as he sat in his office at the Company's stores.

"By tamen! that wild Irishman has got the Monseigneur, of a certainment," he cried in dismay.

"It looks vera like it," commented Sandy Cameron.

"Hoo-a-a-a-a-a!" demanded the brutal-mouthed whistle from the bulge-

sided steamer, slowly climbing the tide of the fast-running Saskatchewan.

"Hear dat, M'sieu Captain; our Captain ees exuberant—he crows a steam crow, eh, M'sieu?

"Aye, he haes him."

The Frenchman hurried to an inner room, and presently reappeared, gorgeous in a brilliant red tunic. It was an old-time affair, more gold lace than cloth to it, and Gourelot's rotund form peeped forth like the rounded side of a chestnut bursting its burr. A cocked hat sat jauntily atop his curls, and a cutlass, swinging erratically from its belt, tilted in and out between his fat legs.

The Scotchman eyed his confrere critically. "Vera gude, mon," he asserted; "degnities o' that sort are mair nor proper. I've na dou't a full kilt, fer instance, would be mair appropriate—God, mon! if I had the braw kilt the de'il's o' train-dogs ate on me last winter when the starvin' brutes raided ma shack, I'd gie the Laird a proper Scotch 'greetin'. However, you're ower bandy-legged for kilts, an' ye look brawl'y, mon."

"Where is M'sieu Brown, who has de windpipe—shall henot play de pibroch?"

"He's comin', Factor—listen! yon's the skirl o' the pipes noo; Broon's screwin' them up."

Brown appeared; and to the blithe melody of "The Campbells are Coming," the welcoming parade started. Behind Piper Brown strode the gorgeous Gourelot and solemn, gaunt, Sandy Cameron, and at their heels trailed the dwellers.

"Great Scott! what's this coming?" ejaculated His Excellency.

From a tall staff fluttered the Union Jack, and a white, red-crossed Company flag, and below these a gigantic pennant on which was the word "Welcome." The Hudson's Bay Fort was decorated with spruce boughs. A thousand train-dogs, galvanized into articulate enthusiasm by the mocking pipes, howled a fierce chorus of greeting. "It's a deuce of a shindy," exclaimed Cecil; "thee should be unique sport here."

"I scent many headaches ashore," hazarded Dick.

"Ould Gourelot has done himself proud," cried Captain Ball; "there'll be lashions of fun to-day—an' Frenchy pays for it all."

Then the nomadic horde possessed themselves of the *Saskatoon* and, incidentally and most respectfully, the right hand of the Governor-General.

Gourelot read an address that threw Dick's soul into a revel of laughter.

His Excellency made a fairly sane reply; the forest-dwellers cheered; the pipes skirled; the huskies howled, and a proper holiday had come to Fort Donald.

"There'll be a bally row over this yet," whispered Ronald to Cecil; "you fellows are carrying it too far."

"We can't drop it now," retorted Cecil; "somebody'd get shot."

Ashore the hilarity became a blizzard. Inspired by the reassuring influence of firewater, the Indians and breeds obtruded their barbaric personalities; firearms took a promiscuous interest in the proceedings, and bullets fled through the atmosphere with suggestive sighs; an anvil and an old cannon, full charged, vied with each other in their eruptive violence.

The luncheon was not less intense. They feasted on the fat of the forest—beaver and bear and moose—"worth crossing the Atlantic for," Cecil declared. Captain Ball urged everyone to eat and drink and be merry, for Ould Gourelot had to settle.

Then there was a Tea Dance by Red Calf's Indians.

Everybody had congregated at the Chief's tepee, and presently Factor Gourelot sent Captain Ball up to the Company's store for a present for Red Calf.

As the Captain was selecting a blanket of gorgeous hue a buckboard stopped at the door. In it sat the real Lord Mull, who had come by the straight trail that cut many leagues from the tortuous waterway. Behind him, a march out, was an escorting party. With a secretary and driver he had pushed on.

Ball heard voices, and looked through a window. "Them's tender feet," he commented, shoving under the counter a bottle.

"How d'you do, my good man?" the secretary said, as he entered, looking stiffly at the Captain.

"Not so bad," retorted Ball, ruffled by the odour of superiority; "how's trick's wit' you?"

"Aw! the Governor has arrived," advised the other.

"The devil ye say—and d'ye just foind that out? It's a nice fat worm ye have for an early bird."

The newcomer stared; then he sniffed suspiciously. There was an undeniable perfume of whiskey pervading the log shack; also its occupant's face was of a suggestive redness.

"Are you the Factor, my good man?" the Governor's henchman queried.

"I'm not." Ball's square jaws bit off the words.

"Aw! can you summon the Factor; we wish to go on the steamboat."

"Well, my good man, there's a broad gangplank, an' I don't know as Ould Gourelot is running the *Saskatoon*."

"Aw! we wish to see the Factor—"

"There's no law agin that; ye'll foind him down to the tay dance."

"But His Excellency can hardly—that is—it would be better form for you to bring the Factor here, to pay his respects to His Excellency the Governor-General."

The Captain took a hurried look through the window at the occupant of the mud-covered trap; then he turned with a soft chuckle in his fat throat, and said, "Ye mane him sittin' in the buckboard?"—and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the window.

The other nodded.

"An' I s'pose ye're Chief Commissioner of the Com'ny?" Ball suggested derisively.

"I'm His Excellency's secretary," the young man said with much dignity.

The red-faced man chuckled again. Was there ever such a pair of bare-

faced impostors! No doubt they have heard the Governor was expected, and meant to tax the hospitality of Fort Donald for a few days by impersonating him. Then he asked: "An' what is it ye're wantin' now?" for he had a desire to play this youth who was undeniably in his hands.

"We wish to go on the steamer—"

"Well, ye can't! jus' take the Guv'-nor-Gin'ral ye've got there, and trot him off down to Ould Gourelot an' work him. I'm boss of the steamer, an' ye'll come aboard her with a ticket in yer fist, or not at all."

"Sir!" ejaculated the aide-de-camp, "I'll report you to the company—"

"Come, run away, my good man—this is my busy day. Jest hit the trail down to Red Calf's, an' talk to Ould Gourelot; tell him ye've got the Guv'-nor-Gin'ral with ye," and he commenced to chuckle and splutter until the secretary threw from the store in a mighty rage of indignation, telling the Governor that there was a drunken steamboat man inside, and that there appeared nothing for it but to drive down to the Factor.

They could locate the tea dance by the monotonous beat of tom-toms, and, at intervals, the hilarious skirl of the pipes, and presently they came upon a picturesque gathering, an exuberant concourse of people, red, white, and coffee-coloured.

Factor Gourelot effusively welcomed the two that had blown in from the prairie. He was in an effusive mood, and before Lord Mull could explain anything—the Frenchman was so volatile—he was seized by the arm and presented to a tall, blue-eyed young man whom he was gravely informed was the Governor-General of Canada.

The blue-eyed man smiled seductively and held out his hand; there was almost a suggestion in the movement that the strangers might kiss the tips of his fingers.

Louis Gourelot's round face glowed with satisfaction. What a glorious time he was having! Diplomacy is but another name for going slow, and Lord Mull had been tutored in the

highest diplomatic school in the world; so he shot a silencing look at his secretary, who was as devoid of composure as a nesting hen.

At that instant Captain Ball came upon the scene.

He nodded jocularly to the secretary; an expansive grin ruffled his rotund face, and he said, "Ye've got your bearings agin now, my buck, I take it."

The young man frowned, but the Captain proceeded: "There's no hard feelin's, my lad; it was a purty clever game you was playin', but I had an ace up me sleeve all the toime," and he indicated the false governor.

Gourelot was puzzled — there was evidently something he didn't quite understand. "They have play you some game, M'sieu Captain?" he queried.

"Oh nuthin'; it's all right, Gourelot — just put it up to me that they was him," and he jerked his thumb toward the Pretender.

Gourelot laughed. "It was a joke, M'sieu. They have just twist your fat leg — ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" re-echoed Ball.

"Aye, mon, what's the joke?" queried Sandy Cameron, coming closer.

"This M'sieu from the trail have bampoozled our dear Captain; they have say they are the Governor."

"Aye, mon, that's rich. I dare say they gie it him they were also Scotch, eh, Ball?"

The Laird and his secretary stood as men petrified. A strong impulse came over the Governor to declare his identity, but he wisely reflected that the others, all a little unthinking because of the festivity, would probably only treat the matter as a huge joke. Retribution would come soon enough, and the greater the offending, the deeper would be their contrite despair.

Also Lord Mull had, because of his Celtic blood, a sense of humour. Surely no man had ever stumbled upon quite so grotesque a comedy. There he stood, an outcast from his own heritage, looking upon the bland usurper of his viceregal office. What

a chance to observe his dark-skinned subjects!

Captain Ball drew the Factor to one side. "See here, Gourelot," he whispered; "them two ducks is purty fresh. God knows who they are — most like they're cattle thieves from Montana."

Gourelot shook his head deprecatingly.

"All right, Factor, they put it up to me they was the Gov'nor, not knowin' he was here, ye see, an' they wanted to go on the *Saskatoon*; but I says 'no,' an' no it is, Factor, d'ye moind."

"Very good, M'sieu," Gourelot complied.

As the Factor walked away, the Secretary, feeling that he might do something to ameliorate Lord Mull's condition, approached Captain Ball, assuming a genial manner.

"Captain," he began, "in confidence, you know —"

Ball winked; a confession was coming.

"In confidence," repeated the other, "I want to assure you that there is a mistake — that — young man is an imposter —"

"Now, now, now; just stow that, pard," interrupted Ball, patting the Secretary's shoulder. "Of all the gall," he continued to himself; "instead of ownin' up to the corn, bust me silly if this cow-puncher isn't workin' me again."

Then aloud, "What's the use av tryin' to bust the jamboree — take a tumble to yerself, an' jest make merry wit' the boys. Yer as welcome as the flowers of May; yes, yer both as welcome as if ye was the Gov'nor himself."

During this time the real Lord Mull and the man upon whom the imperial honour had been thrust, had come together through the hospitable insistence of Gourelot. It would be difficult to say which one of the two was taking most joy from his assumed role.

"The natives seem very loyal," Lord Mull remarked to His Excellency Ronald, "you must find it rather difficult to meet all classes in a proper spirit in this great Dominion."

"Aw, yes; one has to be very careful. It is an arduous—not an enviable, position at all. I suppose I'd really astonish you if I asserted that I work harder than any of these forest children."

"Social duties are so exacting," suggested Lord Mull. "I've often thought that the round in Ottawa or Winnipeg must be enough to break a man down."

"Quite true, my good man," agreed Ronald. "I probably do not average four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four; while you, I suppose, living this free Western life, can go to bed with the hens—or prairie chickens rather, and turn out when you're hungry. Are you, my good sir, engaged in the fur trade, or are you ranching?"

"Neither, Excellency; I'm a rather poorly-paid official."

"Ah, that's too bad—I might be able to improve—I mean, if you care to give particulars to my secretary, I might investigate."

"Oh, I am expecting promotion shortly," said Lord Mull drily; and at that minute the irrepressible Ball took him by the arm and led him to one side.

"Ye've tumbled, an' that's right. Isn't the Gov'nor a peach; makes himself as common as you an' me. Come an' have a snifter of forty-rod."

"Where did he come from?" asked Lord Mull.

"From Winnipeg, av coarse—I brought him; an' a nicer passenger I niver want aboard my ship."

"Behaved himself, eh?"

"He did, an' opened a bottle of Gov'ment wine—me an' him made short work av it in his cabin."

Lord Mull started. Along with his luggage, which was put on the steamer at Winnipeg, had been a few cases of Pommery for entertaining purposes; probably this young man of unlimited assurance had entertained the garrulous Captain at his expense.

"Who got up the celebration for the Governor?" Lord Mull asked.

Captain Ball laughed boisterously. "Frenchy did, av coarse; I floored him on this racket."

Then Ball related the compact,

"I see," Lord Mull remarked; "and if this really weren't the Governor you'd have to pay."

Ball looked at Lord Mull fiercely. "At it agin!" he exclaimed; "ye've been too long out on the prairie by yerself, I do b'lieve. 'Pon my soul, I believe yer locoed on that business."

Lord Mull sighed; then he smiled; then he looked toward the West, down the trail. He was getting just a little tired of his subordinate role; it was quite time that his party, with which was a high Hudson's Bay official, should appear.

Factor Gourelot protruded his rotund figure from the maze of humans.

"Capitaine, and also M'sieu, our guest, will you please come—I have arrange something rare for His Excellency."

They moved over to a platform that had been constructed in the open. On it sat Suze Roland, tuning up his shrill-toned fiddle.

"M'sieu," Gourelot said, addressing Lord Mull, "allow mee ze pleasure. M'sieu Cecil, His Excellency's secretaire—M'sieu our guest from de trail."

Lord Mull's secretary, standing behind his master, gasped. The Factor continued: "We will make for His Excellency de ole time dance—un grande cotillion, wit Red River jig."

"Faith, that's a glorious idea, Louis; it's mesil'll get a partner in a holy minute."

"Will M'sieu join?" the Factor asked, looking at Lord Mull.

"Oh, I say—by Jove!" the latter's secretary began, but his master interrupted him, "Really, I must—ask you—to excuse me."

"Oh, I beg of you," said Cecil; "really—His Excellency, you know, requests it—insists."

"I don't dance," Lord Mull answered decisively—curtly.

"Say, you prairie chaps are bashful; I understand there isn't a cow-puncher or fur trader in the Northwest that doesn't know the Red River jig. His Excellency'll take it as a personal

affront if you don't comply, my good man."

"Av coarse, he will," added Ball; "jus' grab a squaw an' whirl her on the floor there. Sure the Gov'nor'll know enough not to look for fancy dancin' out here in the woods. I'll get ye a squaw."

Factor Gourelot pleaded with great politeness; Cecil insisted; and Captain Ball almost dragged the unwilling Lord Mull to the rude platform. The contention might have led to strife; for the peer had determined not to submit to this crowning indignity. The Governor-General of Canada cutting capers in a Red River jig with a gaily caparisoned squaw would never do.

In the midst of the turmoil Lord Mull saw a cavalcade, dust-shrouded, swinging up the trail that led from the southern prairie. The others saw it too, somewhat in astonishment. On through Fort Donald, and down to the

concourse of its dwellers came the strange party.

When the newcomers saluted with great deference the man whom Ball and Gourelot had almost thrust into a Red River jig, a painful apprehension took possession of many people. Humiliation and retribution accrued to the masqueraders and to their innocent abettors.

Lord Mull's diplomatic endurance bore large, sweet fruit; he had meted out condign punishment with scarcely a word of reproach.

Ball could have slain the facetious Cecil, and the complacent Ronald; he would get no gold watch now; more than likely he would attain to a severe wigging from the Commissioner.

Lord Mull had great sense, and only smiled sweetly at the indignation of his own people, and the abject apologies of the men who had dethroned him for a day.

COMPENSATIONS

BY MARTHA MARTIN

If it were not for the darkness
That enshrouds the world at night,
We should never know the beauty
Of the stars' soft radiant light;
But these eyes of Heaven open
When the shadows first appear,
And their lustre only deepens
As the blackness grows more drear.

If it were not for the sorrows
That we daily have to bear
In the trials and afflictions
That each human life must share,
We should never know the blessing
Of that holy inward calm,
Born of every earthly suffering,
Bringing with it healing balm.

Darkest clouds have silver linings,
Rainbows span the storm-girt sky,
Giving promise through the rainfall
Of full sunshine bye and bye;
Pain and anguish borne in patience,
Sweetest compensations hide,
And with every crucifixion
Comes a joyful Eastertide.



AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES WE BUY," *Etc.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BEATTY

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST PART

Two young men, Bob Agnew and Edward Coppinger, standing on the deck of a vessel about to sail from Liverpool to Montreal, are attracted by a young woman just arrived, accompanied by a man carrying on his arm a dark blue, fur-lined cloak. During the voyage, it became a hard race on the part of these two young men and a parson by the name of the Rev. John Hamilton for the favour of the young lady, Miss Dumeric. The parson seemed to win. A sallow youth from among the intermediate passengers joins the usual concert as a violinist and seems also to be attracted. But the young lady remains reticent and mysterious.

CHAPTER VI

A SUNNY June morning, under the dark-wooded slopes of Gaspé, with the air soft and scented with wood smoke, and all those impalpable, intoxicating breaths of the land that greet those emerging from the cold, grey chaos of ocean. The waves, rippling softly under the west wind, seemed very small to those who had just left behind the great Atlantic rollers that sweep along unobstructed through space. The cheery shouts of the fishermen, as they waved some extra-sized codfish just pulled up, were a welcome back to the world of human beings, and everyone on the deck of the *Huron* was full of life and animation. Everyone, that is save Agnew, whose good-natured face wore all through breakfast an unmistakable scowl of sulkiness. His answers to Coppinger

and Hamilton were short almost to snappishness; he made none of his usually cheery remarks to Miss Dumeric, and his response to her one rather timid overture was characterized by a much more formal courtesy than had been habitual of late among them. Coppinger was such a popular individual that he found it for a while rather difficult to get away from his numerous friends on deck to interview Agnew.

At last his chance came. "Look here!" he said, taking Agnew by the arm and pulling him towards the railing. "Whatever has happened to have turned you into a walking death's head like this? You were all right when you got up. I'm sure you made enough row when you were dressing, and then at breakfast you nearly snapped everyone's head off. Miss Dumeric looked quite hurt at the stiff way in which you spoke to her. Why, surely!" with a gasp of amazement at the new theory which evolved itself in his brain; "surely you have never been such an idiot as to propose to her?"

Here Agnew let out a very impolite exclamation. "Propose to her!" he went on after he had so far relieved his feelings. "Thank heaven, no, it hadn't got so far, though I did believe in the girl and care for her, too, a bit, and might have cared more if I hadn't seen that she didn't give two thoughts to me." As he said this Agnew was

staring down gloomily at the green and whitechurn of water against the vessel's sides, but now he looked over his shoulder to see if anyone was near, before he said in a low voice:

"There's something wrong about that girl, Cop!"

The mild countenance of Coppinger took an unwonted sternness. "Don't let jealousy make you say a thing like that, Bob," he said gravely.

"It's not jealousy, man! I'm only too thankful that I don't care for her as that poor wretch of a parson does. I was going to tell you last night what I thought I had noticed, and then it seemed a shame; but after this morning—"

"For goodness' sake, whatever you have to say, say it!"

"I'm going to. Do you remember my telling you that I thought that intermediate musical fellow seemed to be trying to catch Miss Dumeric's eye when she played on Sunday?"

"Yes, but you don't mean to say that—"

"Listen! I could have sworn last night that I saw him touch her hand under a sheet of music, but when at supper time she sat there, never changing from that sweet, still way of hers, while we were talking of the man, I thought my eyes must have played me false. This morning, though, you know I couldn't sleep, and got on deck at all sorts of unearthly hours. Not a soul did I see at first, but over there, behind the smoking room, where you couldn't be seen from the bridge, there was that girl, talking away in a great state of mind, to the fellow Jackson, with her hand on his arm, standing close to him, and just as I came up he put some parcel into her hand, which she shoved under her cloak.

"Did she see you?"

"I'm not sure; I don't think she did then, for I turned and went back through the companionway door on to the other side of the deck. Though I didn't see her again, she may have seen me sitting there and been frightened. I've caught her watching me once or twice this morning in a queer way.

What do you think of it all?" and he turned his head seawards in a breathless way which perhaps hid some emotion.

"Well," answered Coppinger, in a thoughtful fashion, "I suppose it means one of those queer stories that one sometimes comes across on sea voyages. Even though it is, it doesn't prove that the girl is a desperate character. The man may be her brother or husband. I was thinking last night that he looked like a gentleman, and he may have had a very good reason for wanting to get quietly away from England; and yet she would be too remarkable a figure in the intermediate."

"But the parcel?"

"Well, let us trust it was some family linen to mend, and not the booty from somefeat of unlawful valour—Great Guns, Agnew!" he cried sharply, as some thought struck him into wide-eyed dismay.

Something in Agnew's eyes seemed to answer to the shadow of his thought, but all he said was, "What?"

"When we talked of that robbery last night, didn't she interrupt us?"

"It was only that she dropped her smelling-bottle, a simple enough thing to do."

"Very simple when one wants a diversion. Agnew, I believe that man is the missing footman in the Aster case!"

"And she?"

"She may be an accomplice, or she may be a most unhappy relative. If the former, those jewels are now in her possession."

Agnew turned and stared seawards, gnawing his moustache nervously.

"What is to be done?" he asked huskily.

"I think that I will have a quiet chat with the Captain," Coppinger said, turning as though to look for him, but Agnew spoke fiercely. "Heavens, no, you shall not! This is my affair. It was I who saw and told you all there was to tell. I will not have the girl suspected and dogged on that."

"You would have them both get

away at Quebec, even if they should have the jewels?"

The two men stared each other in the eyes for a moment, then Agnew answered firmly: "I would have the burglar and the jewels vanish forever rather than the girl should come to harm."

Coppinger shrugged his shoulders. "As you say, it is your affair, but that poor wretch over there who is madly in love with her—will you drop him no hint?"

"Not a word," Agnew answered, and Coppinger said no more.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH that fine Sunday when the *Huron* skirted the south shores of the Gulf, Agnew kept away from the small groups on the deck, shunning even Coppinger's society.

Mr. Hamilton held the usual morning service, and Miss Dumeric took her place again at the piano. Agnew remained on deck, but Coppinger reported to him afterwards that the intermediate passenger had not put in an appearance.

The ship sped on her way through the calm waters. The evening glow was deepening on sky and sea, when she slowed down to pick up the pilot.

Coppinger and Agnew stood among the group clustered by the rails to watch the pilot run up the rope ladder, with a feeling of strained expectation. They hardly knew what they anticipated, but each drew a breath of relief as they saw the smiling, sunburnt Frenchman cross the deck alone. Visions of detectives must have haunted them to have caused such a sense of relief.

Coppinger looked round. "She has stayed below," he whispered, but the other said nothing. He seemed to have grown strangely reserved. Through most of that day Miss Dumeric and Mr. Hamilton sat together on deck, a little apart from the others, and the parson's absorption and happiness were evident to all as he sat leaning forwards towards the girl's

chair, his sallow face drawn into smiles.

"The *Huron* is keeping up her character as a match-making ship," said the Captain to Agnew, with his usual dry little chuckle, as they paced the deck together after, not far from this devoted couple.

What an evening it was, with the soft breath of wood-smoke drifting down from smouldering forests, and with a sullen red sunset burning through purple black clouds low over the north shore!

What an evening for happiness! Agnew thought, as he paced the deck, with a dull ache in his heart, and heard the occasional soft ripples of Miss Dumeric's laughter, or the murmur of her voice in sweet seriousness. What fools he and Coppinger were to go inventing such nonsense about a girl like that! What double-eyed idiots they would feel afterwards that they had made of themselves! He would forget the whole affair and think no more about her, which resolve he carried out that night, with how much success we know not, although his rather haggard appearance the next morning did not say much for it.

The green slopes of the Isle d'Orléans in the close grey morning mist suddenly give place to the shining tin roofs and spires that crown the crags of Quebec. The *Huron* will be at the wharf in half an hour. Everyone is interested—excited. Those who are to land at Quebec are busy over luggage; those who go on to Montreal are planning drives to Montmorenci or the Plains of Abraham.

Up to the last two days this had been a much-talked-of expedition with Agnew, but now Coppinger asked him somewhat doubtfully if he still wished to go.

"Why not?" Agnew answered shortly. "The Captain just told me that we do not leave until one o'clock."

"I thought perhaps—"

"Never think, my good fellow, if you wish for a long life and a merry one!" Agnew interrupted grimly, and Coppinger humoured him by saying no more.



WILLIAM BLAAFELD.

"Through most of that day Miss Dumeric and Mr. Hamilton sat together on deck"

The first breath of land heat had met them at an early hour and Miss Dumeric had appeared at breakfast in a blue linen dress which suited her pale loveliness even better than the dark severity of her sea attire.

Agnew tried to keep his attention fixed on Miss MacNab's conversation, but had twice met glances from the blue eyes opposite—glances wistful, almost imploring, which brought a lump to his throat. He had meant to be so resolute in avoiding Miss Dumeric, but seeing her standing about waiting for the chief steward in rather a forlorn fashion, he could not resist

going and asking if he could do anything for her.

"Oh, no, thank you, I am just waiting for Mr. Smith," she answered as he thought a little proudly, but still he lingered.

"We were going over to Montmorenci," he said hesitatingly, "but if there were anything I could do for you in the customs—not knowing the ways of the country. I wouldn't be much use, but still if there was no one to meet you—"

"Thank you," she answered, with the gentle calm that was almost reserve, "I do not expect anyone to meet

me. My brother is away in the States, but Mr. Hamilton has promised to help me, and Mr. Smith said he would speak to the customs people."

"Then I am not needed," Agnew said rather stiffly, and turned away.

The group of people awaiting the steamer on the Point Levis wharf was now plainly visible, and in a few moments more the gangway was down, railway agents and clerks rushed on board, the voyage was over. Almost immediately the emigrant stream set shorewards with great outcries in foreign tongues, and wails of children. Poor little wretches, they might well cry; they were not likely for many a day to know as good a home as the *Huron* had been.

Coppinger and Agnew stood together, the hard hats that had replaced their caps, and the sticks they carried, betraying their shoreward intention.

Mr. Hamilton rushed up to them. "Have you seen Miss Dumeric? I cannot find her anywhere."

The cousins exchanged glances, and it was Coppinger who answered, "No, isn't she below seeing to her cabin luggage? You're not coming out to Montreal with us?"

"No, thanks. I want to see Miss Dumeric to the station."

"Come along, Cop," said Agnew impatiently.

"My dear fellow, you'll have to wait a bit until I see that the box with my new saddle isn't put out here. I'm afraid it wasn't marked for Montreal."

"Oh bother! It will be all right," but Coppinger stuck to his purpose, and thus it was that they crossed the gangway, just as Miss Dumeric went ahead of them into the customs shed, closely followed by Mr. Hamilton, carrying over his arm the blue cloak that had become such a familiar thing to them all on those cold Atlantic days, and in his grasp the little silver-mounted handbag.

"Come, we must say good-bye to her," said Coppinger, and in spite of Agnew's hasty "Where's the use?" he followed the two into the shed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE long bare shed was scattered with forlorn groups of immigrants, clustered by their belongings. Russian and Swedish wooden boxes painted in every colour of the rainbow, great bundles of bedding, tin pans and kettles, violin cases of every erratic form of home manufacture.

Miss Dumeric had already paused by some luggage which she seemed to recognize, and Mr. Hamilton had turned to meet an approaching customs officer, when a man dressed in dark clothes came behind him and said, "I arrest you, John Duncan."

Mr. Hamilton indignantly shook the man's grasp from his arm and sprang back, only to find himself in a firmer grasp on the other side. And then there seemed suddenly to spring up a little crowd around them of excited lookers-on or sympathizers.

Coppinger and Agnew were in the front of it.

"Look here, whoever you are, I suppose you have authority for this?" Coppinger shouted.

"Officer Duggan, Montreal force," put in the man impassively.

"But," Coppinger went on, "you're under some strange mistake. This is the Rev. John Hamilton, S. P. G. Chaplain to the *Huron*. Send for the Captain, somebody, can't you?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but we have some good reason to believe that this is John Duncan, the footman who vanished the day the Aster jewels were stolen. He's known to have sailed on the *Huron*, and is supposed to have disguised himself as a clergyman. 'Thin, dark, grey-eyed, sallow,' that's the description that he answers to. And yesterday we had a cable—'Arrest owner or bearer of blue cloth, fur-lined cloak'; just let us look at it."

And taking it from the arm of Mr. Hamilton, who, after that first movement of natural indignation, had stood helplessly bewildered under the grasp of justice, he proceeded to handle that ample garment all over. There was a breathless pause. Agnew's whole



"Miss Dumeric had appeared at breakfast in a blue linen dress"

attention was fixed on the girl who stood with face white and rigid as though carved in ivory. Her eyes followed every movement of the officer's with a strained stare, save for one quick glance around the shed and out on to the wharf.

"Here you are!" the detective said triumphantly, "chaplain or no chaplain, here's the booty," and with a quick, sharp jerk, he had torn away the

fur lining and laid bare to sight the many-hued radiance of a diamond tiara and an emerald necklace, that all could realize to be one of the famous ornaments of the world.

"It was a woman's hand that sewed those in, and I can guess whose hand. Maude Dashwood. I—"

He turned towards Miss Dumeric, but before he had time to lay his hand upon her arm, or Agnew or Hamilton

with a simultaneous impulse were able to spring forward to dash that arm away, the girl had flung up her hands with a low cry and fallen at their feet.

"You have killed her!" Agnew shouted savagely as he flung himself down beside her, but the officer only stood staring composedly. "Shouldn't have thought she'd have taken it so hard! Must have known that she'd be nabbed sooner or later!"

But he did not look quite so composed when the moments passed and there came no sign of returning animation. "Here, send for the ship's doctor," he called out.

Meanwhile Mr. Hamilton was struggling frantically with the policeman who held him. "For pity's sake," he cried, "let me go to her. She is dying, and I am a clergyman. I swear before God not to try to escape, only let me go to her."

"Loose him, Tom," said the detective quietly, and the unhappy man knelt beside the still form that lay upon the hard earth, with head fallen back on Agnew's knee, so that the white face seemed to stare upwards in spite of the closed eyes.

"Cannot you hear me?" Hamilton asked in a low, intense voice, but there was no flutter of lips or eyelids, and laying his hand on the one that lay palm upwards, he shrank appalled at the first chill of death.

An utter stillness fell upon the group as they waited for the doctor—only Agnew could hear the murmured words of the clergyman—"We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear sister, into Thy hands as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour—"

When the ship's doctor pushed his way through the increasing crowd, there was little to be said or done.

"She has been dead for some minutes," he said, looking up. "Heart disease. Sudden shock, I suppose."

Agnew, relieved from his burden, stood up, dazed and dizzy, and Copinger took his arm to lead him away.

"We had better tell him about the intermediate man," Copinger said when once out of hearing, but Agnew answered huskily:

"Don't tell him anything. He has got the jewels and her life as well. That is surely enough. And perhaps—perhaps she cared for the man," and something very like a sob ended the sentence.

The *Huron* sailed at one o'clock without Agnew, who was detained for the inquest, and without Mr. Hamilton who was still in the hands of justice.

By the next day, however, he had proved his identity, and the recent nature of his suspicious-looking friendship with the girl, who was known to the police of both London and New York as one of the most skilful tools of a band of men who were given rank at the very head of their profession by their natural foes the detectives.

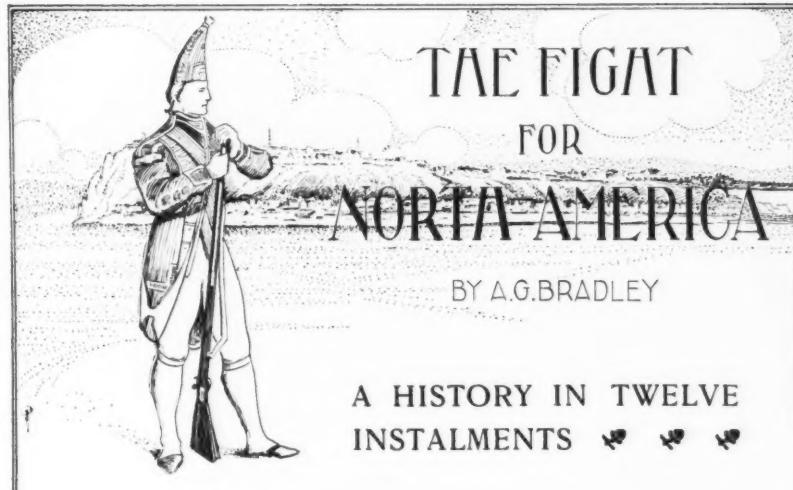
With headquarters in both cities, they had for some years enjoyed a secure refuge in the old Quebec farmhouse, to which any of their number could flee in stormy times, and to which the girl and her accomplice had now been hastening with their booty. But for the recent stroke of genius of a New York detective, that refuge had remained a secure one, and Miss Dumeric had got safely into hiding.

Even the impassive Duggan's voice had a touch of feeling in it as he related to Mr. Hamilton, for whom he appeared to have conceived a friendship, the tale of how the girl was supposed to have been brought up from earliest childhood by her father, a disgraced officer, to act as decoy and tool in gambling and every other variety of shady transactions—"and with a face that might have belonged to one of the saints, or even the Blessed Virgin herself," that worthy ended with something very like a sniff.

Two days later John Hamilton stood in his white surplice beside an open grave in the woodland cemetery that slopes down towards the St. Lawrence.

The mourners were few—only Agnew and the detective, Duggan. Though ghastly pale and haggard, Hamilton's voice rose clear and strong with those sentences of faith and hope, and only faltered once as he breathed the awful words—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

THE END



CHAPTER IV—SHIRLEY OCCUPIES OSWEGO—JOHNSON'S FUTILE CAMPAIGN
ON LAKE GEORGE—DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS—APATHY
OF PENNSYLVANIA—THE BRITISH FRONTIERS
WASTED—1755-1756

BRADDOCK'S crushing defeat near Fort Duquesne resounded throughout North America to its uttermost limits. Nor was the effect produced on the Northern colonies by any means only a moral one. On the contrary, it contributed very materially to the failure of both these expeditions to the northward which were designed to support Braddock; namely, the one undertaken by Shirley against Niagara, and the other, led by Johnson, against Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. In the first place, the news of the catastrophe on the *Monongahela* arrived in the north before either corps was ready to deliver its attack, and greatly disheartened the militia who composed them; and secondly, the capture of Braddock's papers revealed to the French the secret plans of their enemies, and enabled them to take measures for their frustration.

Shirley, the spirited Governor of Massachusetts, though but an amateur soldier, had been commissioned a gen-

eral, greatly to his delight, and was now by Braddock's death Commander-in-Chief in North America. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the new Governor of Canada, had in the meantime arrived from France, with 3,000 regulars, including the regiments of Bearne, La Reine, Guienne, and Languedoc, who were to earn much well-deserved renown in the coming war. Of Vaudreuil we shall hear a good deal, seeing that he remained in office till the closing scene, and signed the capitulation of the colony to Great Britain. It will be enough for the present to say that he was fifty-seven years of age, the son of a former governor, and in consequence a Canadian by birth—a fact which gave him a strong colonial bias in all matters of jealous contention, and they were many, between the sons of old and new France. For the rest he was a man of second-rate ability and of no military capacity, though he aspired to much. He was of a jealous, vain, and somewhat petty nature, but patriotic and hardworking to a fault, and had previously been

Governor of Louisiana. The commander of the forces was Dieskau, a German baron, who had long served in the French service, a good, sound, capable soldier, but of no striking talent; and his career in America was destined to be brief.

Of the subsidiary expeditions of the British in this year, 1755, I shall not speak at such length as the schemes involved and the number of troops collected for them might seem to warrant. Partly from the inexperience of all concerned, and partly from their premature discovery by the French, both undertakings were practically fruitless. I purpose, moreover, to dwell chiefly on the more luminous and decisive conflicts of the war, and not to attempt the elaboration of fruitless campaigns that would weary the reader with an unavoidable monotony of detail, though some brief notice of them is essential to the story.

Shirley's thwarted undertaking against Niagara had gone by way of the more westerly of the two great routes which led to Canada. Both of these started from Albany, on the Hudson River. This frontier town may be described as lying in the apex of a right-angled triangle, one side of which ran due north to the St. Lawrence and the heart of Canada, while the other ran nearly due west to Lake Ontario, tapping French territory behind its civilization, but in the path of its chief trading highway to the West. The base of this triangle is roughly represented by the course of the St. Lawrence. Both these routes—the northern some two hundred miles in length, the western somewhat less—lay through a rugged, forest-clad and almost unpeopled wilderness. They were, in fact, natural arteries formed by lakes and streams, with only a narrow watershed here and there to break their continuity. There were numerous rapids, too, and shallows to be portaged; but, in the backwoods sense, they were navigable routes. With all their obstacles, which at this early stage were many and great, they were, nevertheless, the only possible chan-

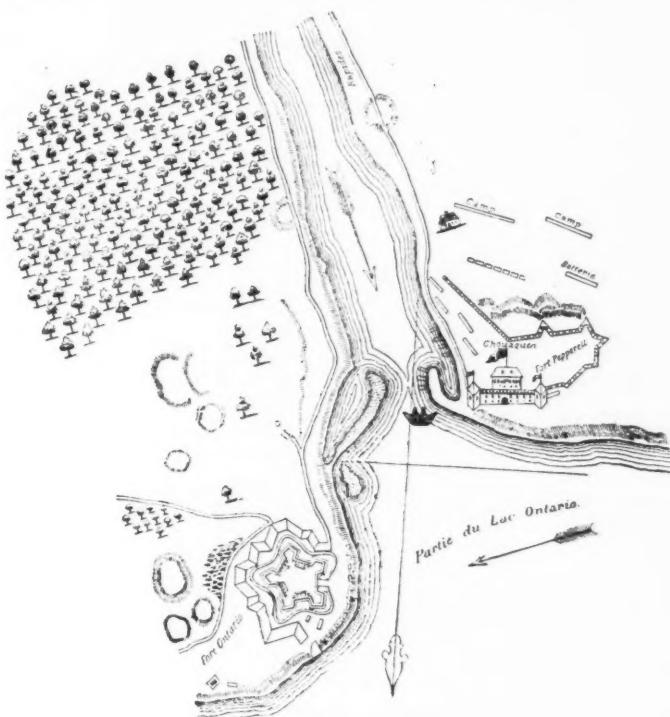
nels by which French or English armies could conduct serious operations against each other.

Between Canada and the frontier settlements of New York and New England there were innumerable "trails," quite adequate for war bands of rangers or Indians; but for the proper understanding of the situation in North America throughout this whole period the reader cannot keep too clearly before his eyes these two great military waterways: the one running north, the other west, with the old Dutch frontier town of Albany standing in the angle—the base of supply for both.

The extremity of the western route was Oswego, where the flourishing town of that name now looks out upon Lake Ontario. In those days it was a remote trading station, rudely fortified, and occupied for the past thirty years by the British, to the constant vexation of their rivals, who regarded the western lakes as wholly within their sphere. The way to Oswego led up the Mohawk River, which joined the Hudson near Albany, and for *batteaux* and canoes was more or less navigable to the headwaters, whence a four-mile *portage* over the watershed led to Lake Oneida. From this beautiful sheet of water the Oswego River rolled down to Lake Ontario. Shirley now really opened this route for the first time. At the head of 1,500 men, collected, supplied, and organized with difficulty, he pushed his slow way to Oswego, which was to be his base for an attack upon Niagara, the most important station the French held in the West. His force consisted of two battalions of raw recruits raised in the colonies, but paid by the Crown, afterwards the 50th and 51st regiments of the line, and some artillery. The delays for obvious reasons had exceeded all calculation, and it was late in August before Shirley was ready to leave Oswego. But he then found that the French, having got warning of the British plans from Braddock's captured correspondence, had thrown large reinforcements into Fort Frontenac,

which confronted him not fifty miles away upon the northern shore of the lake. Frontenac was a fortified trading post of much the same type as Oswego, and the original of the old and important Ontario town of Kingston. Shirley dared not now move. To have abandoned Oswego for an attack on Niagara would have left the

cer, of whose fate we shall hear later, and in the meantime a little more space must be given to Johnson's operations against Lake Champlain, though they were equally futile. Just a word, however, must be said of the man himself, since he was a famous character in his day and played a unique and somewhat romantic part. He was



THE FORTS AT OSWEGO

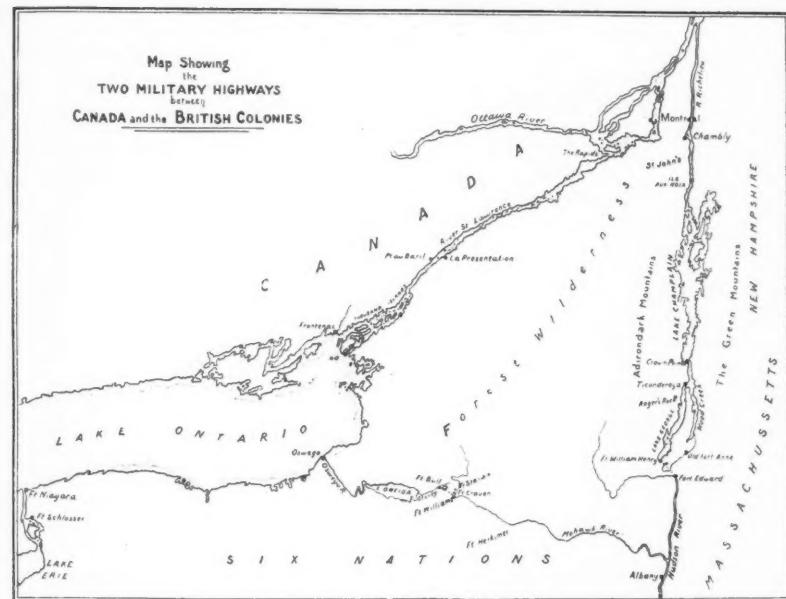
From a plan in the contemporary *Mémoires sur le Canada 1749-1763*, as published in 1838 by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

There are many other plans and views in existence.

former at the mercy of thirteen hundred efficient and well-provided French soldiers, who had gathered at Fort Frontenac. So there was nothing for it but to work out the rest of the season upon the poor fortifications of his present position, and as the winter approached to return to Albany.

Seven hundred men were left at Oswego as a garrison under Colonel Mer-

now about forty years old, was a native of County Meath, and acted as agent for his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, who had made a speculative purchase of an immense tract of wild forest land in the Mohawk Valley. Here Johnson dwelt in a large rambling mansion among the woods known as Mount Johnson, with an Indian wife, the sister of a famous chief. He acquired an



MAP SHOWING ALBANY AND THE TWO ROUTES TO CANADA

extraordinary ascendancy over the Indians, here represented by the warlike Six Nations, the scourge alike in former days both of French and English, but now, this long time, as we have said, allies of the latter, though strictly passive ones and much shaken by the growing prestige of France. He spoke the Mohawk language and entertained their people in lavish fashion. "This singular man," says Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, who was brought up at Albany, and remembered him, "lived like a little sovereign, kept an excellent table for strangers and officers, and by confiding entirely in the Indians and treating them with unvaried truth and justice, taught them to repose entire confidence in him."

The Albany traders who formerly represented the colonies in all official dealings with the Indians, had by bad faith brought them to the verge of a rupture. The latter hailed with delight the appointment of their favour-

ite as Indian Commissioner, and Johnson himself, thoroughly appreciating the grievances which had almost driven them into the arms of the French, soon had them under a control that remained unshaken throughout the war. He was a versatile kind of genius, a big, breezy man abounding in energy and common-sense. He could hold his own in a grave council of colonial Governors, or, if need be, could drink and shout and paint his face and dance the war-dance with the wildest of Mohawk warriors.

In the dearth of skilled commanders, Johnson, who, with all his ready capacity, had no military experience whatever, was now made a general and given the command of 6,000 provincial troops. His instructions were to drive the French from Lake Champlain, and to occupy Crown Point, a promontory of strategic importance on



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

"He was a versatile kind of genius, a big, breezy man abounding in energy and common-sense." His home was Mount Johnson in the Mohawk Valley.

its south-western shore. As a preliminary to the campaign, Johnson collected a thousand of the Iroquois warriors at his manor, feasted them with oxen roasted whole, and indulged them with an orgie of eloquence extending over three days, at the end of which period he flung down the war belt. So honeycombed, however, had even the Six Nations been with French intrigue, that only a third of Johnson's guests responded to his appeal. The rest were deterred by having relatives employed on the French side.

The troops for the Northern expedition, like those of Shirley's, assembled at Albany. Of the 6,000 voted, 4,500 came from the ever-martial colony of Massachusetts. These raw New England militiamen, whatever their spirit, must not be regarded as very formidable troops. They were mostly recruits, and all amateurs in regular warfare. Nor were most of them efficient in a system of their own like the South African Boers. A few only were experienced bush fighters, the greater part being hard-working farmers, me-

chanics or fishermen. They had no discipline and only a few had uniforms. Each soldier brought a gun with him, which he knew how to use with ordinary skill, also a tomahawk to serve in lieu of a bayonet, at close quarters. The men were impatient under control, and were imbued with a constant longing for home, where the plough stood idle in the furrow or the hammer silent in the forge. They had no military science, no elementary knowledge of camp sanitation, and as a premium on indiscipline they elected their own officers, who with rare exceptions knew little more than the men they commanded. The French-Canadians held them in a contempt that was exaggerated by the vanity of their race, and moreover hated them heartily as heretics. But with all this they were tough and hardy, and, one need scarcely say, possessed of the inherent bravery of their stock. From their ranks, too, could always be gathered small bands of men who combined superior marksmanship and a practised knowledge of bush fighting—of *la petite guerre*, as the French term went—with a resolute and incomparable daring that makes some of their enterprises throw fiction into the shade.

Dieskau, whose first intention had been to proceed up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and seize Oswego before Shirley could entrench himself there, now hurried back, and ascending the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain, occupied Crown Point with a force of 3,500 men, of whom 700 were regulars, 1,600 Canadians, and the rest Indians. Johnson's force at Albany was far short of the estimates, but it was not lack of numbers that was his serious difficulty. For a raw general with a raw army and a wilderness to face, unsustained by any organization worth mentioning, the difficulties of transport and commissariat were immense. His route, which became from this time forward so memorable a one, began by following the course of the Hudson due north from Albany for some forty miles. This much of it was comparatively simple,

being by water, with but few *portages*. Then, however, where the great river turns sharp to the west, the line of march left its banks and, continuing northward, crossed the twelve miles or so of densely timbered upland that separated it from the head waters of Lake George. Once launched upon the bosom of the most romantic sheet of water in North America, canoe or sloop might float onward towards Canada beneath the mighty shadows of the Adirondack Mountains, without let or hindrance but a gale of wind, for over thirty miles. At the foot of the lake a river, broken at places with rapids and shallows, pursued a short but tortuous course till Lake Champlain opened out its shining bosom and presented a clear sailing stretch of some sixty miles. Thence from its foot the Richelieu or Sorel River in another stage of about equal distance led to the St. Lawrence and the heart of Canada. The whole of this natural route is so curiously direct that a ruler laid due north upon the map from Albany, or indeed from New York to Montreal, would indicate with sufficient accuracy this famous military highway of bygone America.

But it is only with Lake George, "the Silvery Lake," the "Horican" of the Indians and Fenimore Cooper, that we have now to do, and even in such case only with the head of it. Johnson had probably no more than 3,000 men actually with him, and these gave his inexperienced wits enough to do in the handling, feeding and pushing them forward through so rough a country. His main difficulties, of course, began when he left the Hudson, and had to carry cannon, stores and boats over the shaggy ridges which led towards Lake George. The landing-place at once became a point of the utmost strategic importance, and here the general left Colonel Lyman with 500 men to build a fort, named at first after that doughty New England warrior himself, but shortly rechristened by the loyal Johnson after a prince of the blood, and known to future generations as Fort Edward.

Johnson himself, with the rest of his rustic army and 300 Mohawk Indians, cut their way painfully through the woods and deposited their boats, stores and guns on the banks of the uppermost bay of Lake George. Here they proceeded to throw up fresh intrenchments, which developed later into Fort William Henry of sinister memory.

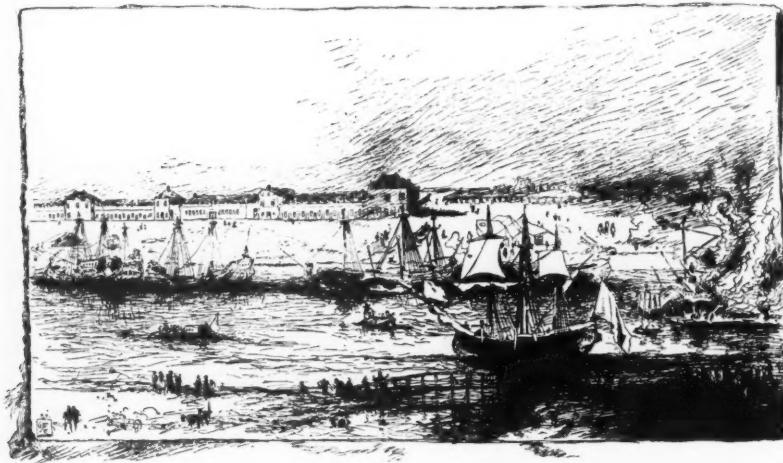
Dieskau in the meantime, learning from his scouts that Johnson was fortifying both ends of the carrying place, laid his plans. Crown Point, the fortified post on a promontory of Lake Champlain which he occupied with his army, was fifty miles to the north. It had worried the frontiers of the New England colonies which lay to the east of it for twenty years, and was Johnson's point of attack, as already indicated. Dieskau, however, was not likely to act on the defensive with a force equal in numbers and individually superior. Selecting a body, therefore, of 200 regulars, 680 Canadians, and 600 Indians, he served them with rations for ten days, and led them rapidly forward to meet Johnson. A glance at the map will show how Lake Champlain throws out a long narrow tail southward, known as Wood Creek, and running parallel with Lake George for almost its entire length. It was up this waterway in canoes and boats that Dieskau led his force. Landing near its head, they proceeded to march through the woods till they struck, about at its centre, Johnson's new road from the Hudson to the lake, where they intercepted British messengers and learned the state of affairs. It was now a question of which encampment they should attack. Being informed, though falsely, that there were no canoes at the lake fort, they decided for this reason on attacking it. Johnson, in the meantime, had heard of the French movements, and despatched a thousand men under Colonel Williams into the woods to find and oppose them. Hendricks, a famous Mohawk chief with Johnson, protested at the inadequate size of the force—"too few," he said, "to be successful,

and too many to be killed." He nevertheless consented to face the dangers his British allies were so rashly court-ing, with 200 of his warriors. Too old and too fat to walk, the brave Indian rode with the rest, mounted on a pony, and was one of the first to fall. Williams, "colonial" though he was, seems to have marched his force through that blind and tangled coun-try with a contempt for ordinary pre-cautions, such as the much-abused Braddock never dreamt of. Dieskau, on the other hand, feeling the way carefully with his scouts, had ample warning of the British approach, and received them in a well-laid ambush with a success that was only saved from being complete by some of his Indians opening fire a little prematurely. It is said that they saw some of their Mohawk relatives in the van of the advancing British, and took this method of warning them. However that may be, the New England soldiers were taken even more by surprise than Braddock's vanguard, and like them, though still more rapidly, the front ranks were driven back in confusion upon their supports by a withering fire from an almost invisible enemy. In Dieskau's own words, "the column was crumpled up like a pack of cards." They did not remain huddled helplessly together to be shot at as did Braddock's men, but after a sharp, brief struggle, in which Williams and Hendricks both fell, they turned and ran for the fort, the French and Indians hotly pursuing. But Johnson, hearing the sound of battle drifting rapidly his way, sent out 300 men to stem what was evi-dently a hot retreat. This they accom-plished with sufficient success for the British to bring in their wounded. There was but just time to raise hasty barricades of inverted batteaux and trunks of trees. The forest unfor-tunately still grew close to the lines of the embryo fort, and there was now no chance to do any clearing. Could Dieskau have pressed on at once, his men would have carried the camp. But neither Indians nor Canadians were fond of storming positions, and,

like the Boers of yesterday, threw themselves into cover at once, though in their case trees took the place of rocks. The white-coated French infantry, however, went bravely on till the unexpected fire of artillery, well served by Captain Eyre, drove them also into the shelter of the woods. A hot musketry engagement now ensued. Johnson's militiamen, recovered from their panic, and partially protected by rude breastworks, fought well and stoutly. In time the rifle fire, supported by the

Fortunately for the credit of the New Englanders, the rascal turned out to be a French deserter. The unfortunate general was carried to Johnson's tent, who, though in a bad plight himself, behaved with a generosity that Dieskau never forgot.

There was a prodigious clamour among Johnson's Indians for the French commander's life in atonement for that of their chief Hendricks, who had been bayoneted in the fight of the morning. It was all their popular and



VIEWS OF LOUISBOURG—WHICH, AT THE CLOSE OF 1755, WAS THE ONLY FRENCH STRONGHOLD IN ACADIA

From a painting owned by Mrs. Anna H. C. Howard, of Brooklyn, which came to her by descent from Sir William Pepperrell. The point of view seems to be from the north-west side of the interior harbour. This position is near what was known as Hale's Barracks.—From Winsor's History of America, Vol. V.

artillery, began to tell so unmistakably upon the enemy, that the New England men, taking heart of grace, leaped over their barricades and swept down upon the foe with tomahawks and clubbed muskets, driving them ultimately from the field. Johnson was wounded; Dieskau was not only wounded, but captured, and as he was sitting helplessly against a tree, with three bullets already in his legs, a soldier seeing him levelled his piece and, in spite of his victim's protests, deliberately shot him through both thighs.

powerful leader could do to save his wounded prisoner and guest from their direful clutches. "What do they want?" inquired Dieskau of Johnson, with a *naïveté* not yet rubbed off by North American warfare. "Want," replied Johnson, "to burn you, by God! eat you, and put you in their pipes and smoke you; but never fear, you shall be safe with me, else they shall kill us both." When able to travel, Dieskau was sent with a strong armed escort to the Hudson, and in due course to England as a prisoner, where he re-

mained till the peace, a wreck more or less from his wounds, but always cheerful and full of gratitude for the kindness shown him in America. He died in 1767.

While the fight around the crude beginnings of Fort William Henry was in progress, several hundred of Dieskau's Indians and Canadians had fallen back on the scene of their morning's victory, intent on the scalps and plunder that in the hurry of the forward movement they had been compelled to forego. While thus engaged, a party of 500 British from the new fort on the Hudson caught them unawares, and after a sharp fight utterly routed them, though the leader of the victorious party, Captain McGinnis, was killed.

This repulse of the French, coming so soon after the terrible disaster at Fort Duquesne, was made the most of both in the colonies and in Britain. It was forgotten that the real object of the campaign was to seize and occupy the fortress which commanded Lake Champlain and the road to Canada; whereas Johnson's victory, though highly creditable to a militia who had never been under fire, merely repulsed the French in their attack on British territory. The capture of their general beyond a doubt gave the success much *éclat*. At any rate Johnson was made a baronet, presented with £5,000, and enjoyed whatever distinction there may have been in the title of "Our only hero," bestowed on him by Horace Walpole. The loss of the British in the day's fighting was about 250, of whom the greater part were killed, the third Massachusetts regiment alone losing no less than 70 men, including the colonel and eight officers. The French loss was 120 killed and 123 wounded.

The new backwoods baronet, however, was regarded by many colonists as too much inclined just now to rest upon his laurels. His recent success, they thought, might well have justified a dash forward on Crown Point, and Colonel Lyman, chief of the New England troops, was eager for it. John-

son, however, declared that his men were not fit for any such adventure, that they were ill-clad, discontented and shaken in morale by the vigour of the late attack. Shirley himself urged it, but Johnson's honours had created a quite pardonable jealousy in the breast of that eager though unsuccessful amateur. Johnson, moreover, was wounded, and would probably have had to depute the command to his rival, Lyman, and Sir William, as we now must call him, like Shirley, was undoubtedly very human. He decided, therefore, to utilize what energies his men, in their somewhat miserable condition, still possessed, in building Fort William Henry. When the close of November put an end to the work, three thousand men in a state of semi-mutiny and half frozen for want of warm clothing in that rigorous northern clime turned their backs for the winter on the leafless snow-powdered forests and ruffled waters of Lake George and scattered each man to his shop or homestead to tell his tale of war and hardship and glory.

Seven hundred men were left to garrison and strengthen the new fort, while at Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, forty miles to the north, the French were equally busy with axe and saw. Here, amid the hush of the Northern winter, amid ice-bound lakes and mighty mountains wrapped in their mantle of snow, we will leave the outposts of the two rival nations to face each other, and to prepare as best they may for coming fights that were to prove bloodier and fiercer than any yet dreamt of either by the Canadian habitant or the Massachusetts farmer.

But there was yet a fourth enterprise undertaken by the British in this notable year, 1755, which, though far removed from the scene of the others, and in itself neither bloody nor glorious, had, at least, the merit of being decisive.

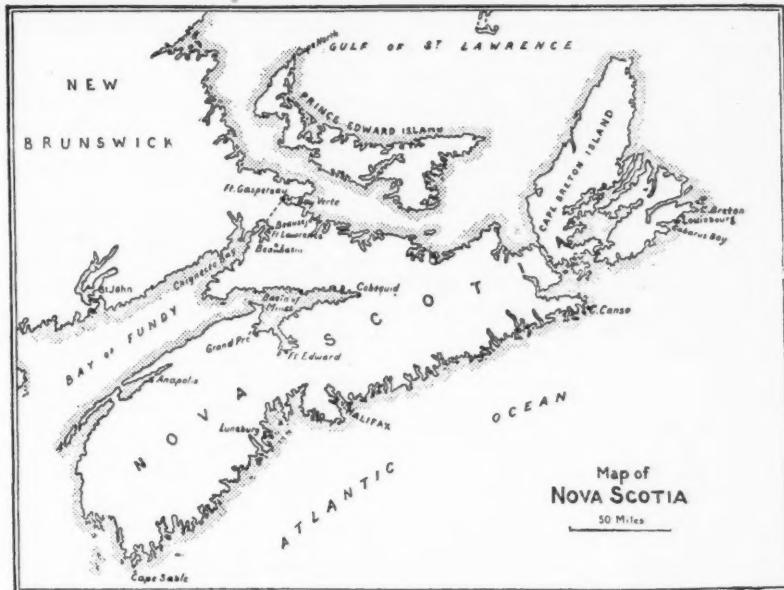
I have already spoken somewhat fully of the troubles with the Acadians, and made brief allusion to the crowning scene of their forcible removal, which occurred this year. The un-

quenchable yearning of the French to recover their long-lost province was by no means lessened by their successes elsewhere. The strong fort of Beauséjour, that they had erected on the neck of the isthmus, in doubtful territory, but commanding the most troubled part of the English dominion of Nova Scotia, became a busy scene of intrigue and action. Nearly 2,000 men, French regulars and insurgent or outlawed Acadians, besides large bands of Indians, were gathered either inside or within hail of it; while at the far end of the province the great naval and military post of Louisbourg boded mischief no less dangerous. The recent English settlement of Halifax, now the capital of the province, and a few isolated forts containing each their handful of men, represented all the power available for resisting a French attack, and protecting the scanty English settlers from the constant raiding of Acadians and Micmacs, hounded on by blatant priests and crafty politicians. Shirley, before starting on his luckless expedition to Niagara, had arranged with Colonel Lawrence, Governor of Nova Scotia, to take the bull by the horns and sweep Beauséjour and its whole nest of hornets out of existence. The English Government gave their assent, but Lawrence had no troops to speak of, and once again the resourceful colony of Massachusetts was appealed to, and, as usual, not in vain. Colonel Monckton, second in command to Lawrence, and whom we shall meet again on the Plains of Abraham, was sent to Boston, with a commission to raise two regiments of 1,000 men each. The recruiting was entrusted to Colonel Winslow, a provincial officer of good sense, position, and some experience, who in a short time paraded 2,000 hardy rustics before the admiring eyes of their fellow-colonists upon the wharves of the Puritan city. The muskets, however, which were due from England, were much less punctual than the men, and it was near the end of May before the transports cleared Boston Harbour, amid the

cheers of a populace who only ten years previously had in the same hearty fashion sent out the victors of Louisbourg. On the last of the month the fleet was forging up the Bay of Fundy, and on the 1st of June, to the dismay of the French, dropped anchor off the mouth of the Missaquash, which divided their chief stronghold from its English rival, Fort Lawrence.

Beauséjour was a well-planned fort of five bastions, and mounted with 32 guns and mortars. The nucleus of its garrison was some 150 regulars of the colonial marine, commanded by De Vergor, a captain in the same corps—a person of indifferent principles and no compensating capacity. The fort was an outpost not merely of French strength, but also of French weakness in the shape of financial corruption. It ranked high in the list of good things doled out at Quebec to those who by personal services—sometimes creditable, sometimes unmentionable—to the governing clique, earned their due reward. De Vergor seems to have come under the latter category. None the less, however, did the all-powerful Bigot, Intendant of Canada, at once his debtor and his patron, urge him in a delightfully candid letter, still extant, to make hay while the sun shone, and out of his plunder purchase an estate in France near him, his loving correspondent. The usual method of enrichment seems to have been the familiar one of charging the King of France for supplies that only existed on paper, and selling a considerable portion of such as were actually forwarded for free distribution.

De Vergor, however, did not develop into a proprietor of French vineyards and forests. On the contrary, he was arraigned for misconduct in the affair I am about to describe, though we shall find him figuring again and at a critical moment before Quebec, with scarcely more credit. The first intimation that on this occasion De Vergor had of an impending attack was the appearance of an English fleet off the fort. The infamous priest Le Loutre, spoken of in a former chapter, was



MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA, SHOWING FORTS BEAUSÉJOUR AND GASPÉREAU

Captured by the British in 1755. Fort Lawrence was the British Fort and the boundary line between British and French Acadia ran between Lawrence and Beauséjour.

now with him, and supplied all the energy that De Vergor might be lacking in, and a great deal to spare. Hundreds of Acadians, driven from their homesteads on British soil by the coercion of this savage fanatic rather than by any action of the English, were now wretched outcasts dependent on the none too liberal charity of the fort, and from their very despair useful tools for French aggression. With these and the regular garrison, and as many more from the settlements on the French side, some 1,200 men were mustered. Numbers of the wretched Acadians, seeing an English victory only too probable, begged De Vergor to go through the form of forcing them by threats to fight, so that they might excuse themselves, in the event of defeat, for being in arms against their lawful king. De Vergor grimly replied that he would not only threaten but shoot them if they failed him.

The New England troops in the

meantime were landed, and in conjunction with the small garrison of regulars from Fort Lawrence laid formal siege to the French fortress, approaching it by parallels and with heavy cannon. They were attacked by Indians and Acadians from without the fort, and much less vigorously by the garrison from within; but Winslow and his sturdy militiamen pressed the siege so strenuously that De Vergor, on hearing from Louisbourg that help was impossible, surrendered in a fortnight. The capitulation was accompanied with some discreditable scenes of drunkenness and stealthy pillage on the part of the French officers, and much open but more venial plunder on that of the miserable Acadians. The fort was occupied by Colonel Scott, of the second Massachusetts regiment, with 500 of his men. Winslow, with another body, crossed the narrow isthmus to the north shore, and took Fort Gaspereau, on Bay Verte, without opposition.

Nova Scotia, so far as military occupation went, was now wholly in British hands. But though rid of pressing danger from French forts and soldiers, it remained a seething hotbed of misery, treachery, and disorder. Its security was of vital importance to the British at this most crucial moment. For similar reasons its recovery was no less an object with the French. The small handful of British regulars, with the raw and scant militia of the infant Halifax, would be ridiculously inadequate as a protecting force; while the two Massachusetts regiments, in accordance with custom and necessity, were only enlisted for a season. A small force of French invaders, in the present temper of the Acadians, could count on their almost unanimous assistance. Hitherto any of these latter people who had abandoned their farms could return and make their peace without difficulty. Those who had remained at home could at any time insure the continued favour of the British Government by taking an unqualified oath of allegiance to King George, who had treated them with unbroken indulgence, and under whose rule most of them had been actually born. Yet never had these strange people been more generally hostile than now, and at no time, thanks to the magnified reports of French successes, had they been so insolent. It is not surprising that the patience of the British authorities at last gave out; and Lawrence, though eminently a just man, was not quite so soft-hearted as some of his predecessors. If the Acadians had professed to have grievances, if they had even invented some, there would have been an opening at least for conciliation. But an attitude induced partly by superstitious terror and partly by intimidation through the medium of Indians and outlaws, and skilfully seasoned with false reports of French victories and conquests, was an impossible one. The French officials in Louisbourg and elsewhere betray in their existing letters the inward shame they felt at being compelled to connive at this heartless ruin of a whole popu-

lation of ignorant peasants. They begged each other not to let the English officials—with whom, as the farce of peace still existed, they were on civil terms—suspect the part they were playing. But the limit of the English forbearance had at last been reached, and the Acadians were to be given their ultimatum.

A certain number of exiles had petitioned for reinstatement, and received it on taking the full oath, but the mass yet awaited the test. Time pressed, and none was lost. Shirley amid his own troubles on the far-off Mohawk was as strong as Lawrence for an ultimatum. The latter, after submitting the matter to his Council at Halifax, communicated his intentions to Monckton, Winslow, and the other British officers. In every district it was then proclaimed that an unqualified oath of allegiance would be required from every inhabitant who had not already taken it. The appeal was responded to by deputations from the several districts, all making objections to the terms of the oath, chief among these being the liability to bear arms. Others made stipulations that the priests should be free from all supervision, which, bearing in mind that they were the political firebrands who were the root of the country's misery, and had already received far too much indulgence, was somewhat audacious; and this more particularly since a Protestant was not allowed even to exist in Canada, fortunately for the future of Anglo-Saxon supremacy beyond the Atlantic. No regret was expressed by the Acadians for the fashion in which they had repaid near forty years of indulgent treatment; no apology offered for the attacks upon English garrisons in conjunction with French troops, nor for the barbarous raiding and murdering of British settlers. Lawrence went so far as to promise them that for the present at any rate, they should not be liable to military service. It was in vain that firmly and kindly he reminded them of the consistent indulgence shown them by the King of England, and explained how impossible it was

that he should tolerate such a grudging return. But it was neither the King of England, nor the King of France, nor any question of race or patriotism that these infatuated people had in their minds, but the fear of eternal damnation, which the Bishop of Quebec, through his all too zealous missionaries, had struck deep into their unsophisticated souls, and the dread of Le Loutre's Micmac Indians.

"Then," at last said Lawrence, "you are no longer subjects of the King of England, but of the King of France. You will be treated as such, and removed from the country." At this they were staggered, and most of them relenting, professed a willingness to take the oath. "No," said Lawrence; "you have had your opportunity and rejected it. Such an oath as you would now take, and such loyalty as mere fear extorts from you, is worthless. We shall now have regard solely to the king's interests, and the consequences must rest on your own heads." I have here endeavoured to condense what extended in fact over many interviews, much tedious going to and fro of deputations, and much consultation in the Acadian villages.

It was the middle of July when Lawrence and Winslow commenced that final step which has made such a harrowing picture for the somewhat ill-instructed sympathies of half a dozen generations of Britons and Americans. The troops were divided into four or five bodies, and marched through the province to the chief centres of population, which were mostly on the western shore. The object in hand was kept a dead secret from all but the leading British officers. Winslow had command at Grandpré, and has kept a useful journal of the whole business. September the 5th was the day decided upon for action, when the officer of each district was to summon all his able-bodied men to come and hear the intentions of the king towards them. Accustomed to regard the rare bark of the British Government as infinitely worse than its still rarer bite, they came in a large proportion of their

strength, and without a thought of the trap that was being laid for them, to hear what suggestions that benign shadow, the King of England, had to make for their future.

The parish church in most cases was the appointed rendezvous, and there the king's orders were read aloud to them by the officer in command. These were to the effect that all such Acadians as had not already taken the oath were to be shipped out of the country with their families; that their lands and stock, which at any time till now they could have saved by an oath of allegiance to a king "who had treated them with greater indulgence than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions," were forfeited to the Crown. Their money only, and such household goods as there might be room for in the ships, they were to be allowed to take.

The wretched Acadians were dumbfounded at the nature of this announcement. Many refused to believe it. They were, however, prisoners, with only too much time before them for the terrible truth to sink into their minds. There was no escape, for outside the churches stood the New England soldiery, in their blue uniforms, with loaded muskets. The number of Acadians secured on this 5th of September varied in the several districts. Everywhere, however, it was supplemented by forays of the British troops, which became no easy matter when the direful news spread abroad. The transports for removing the emigrants were dilatory in their arrivals. Winslow and his brother officers chafed at the delay, for their small divided force was none too strong, and, moreover, as humane men, they heartily detested the job. No hint, however, comes down from any of them that, under the circumstances, there was any alternative, which is significant. There seems, indeed, to have been but one opinion as to its necessity. It is not for us to dwell here on the details of this melancholy deportation. All the women and children who so desired could go, and every care was made to keep together

not only families, but so far as possible neighbours. Many did not believe the sentence would be actually carried out till the first detachments were marched on board ship at the bayonet's point. The whole wretched business occupied over two months. About six thousand in all were deported, while more than half that number were left behind in Acadia, to say nothing of as many more who had fled into French territory. Some of these became practically outlaws, and harassed the British till the close of the war. But their sting was drawn; the province rapidly became in the main British by race as well as by territory, hastened to this end by the fall of Louisbourg, of which we shall hear anon.

The hapless emigrants were distributed throughout the English colonies. That people so profoundly ignorant and bigoted as the Acadians did not flourish when pitchforked thus on to alien soil, is not surprising. Nor is it more so by the same token that the British colonists upon whom they were unceremoniously precipitated, showed no alacrity to receive them.* Their after wanderings, which were wide, and subsequent groupings, are of interest to the American ethnologist, but do not concern us here. It will be sufficient to say that, of all the communities upon whom they were cast, the uncompromising heretics of Massachusetts exhibited most practical charity, while it was the exiles who found their way to Quebec, to their co-religionists and their own countrymen, whose tools they had been, that fared the worst. It would be unprofitable to examine here to what extent this radical operation was justifiable. The reader must pass his own judgment on it. It will be well, however, to remember that the year was not 1900, but 1755; that the perpetrators of it, colonists and British officials,

were confronted with what proved one of the most pregnant struggles in modern history, and were ill equipped for it; that they had treated these people with a consistent indulgence that had then no parallel under such circumstances; that the lives and fortunes of 4,000 peaceful English settlers on the Halifax side of the province were in daily jeopardy; and lastly, that a considerable number of the exiles themselves had their hands red with the blood of Englishmen, not killed in fair fight, but murdered in Indian fashion while peacefully pursuing their daily avocations on British soil.

While the Northern colonies were busy spending blood and treasure in strenuous, if unavailing, efforts to beat back the French, the people of the Middle and Southern provinces were in a helpless condition, and engaged in mutual recriminations of the bitterest kind.

At the close of the last chapter we left an Indian war raging along the far-extended and defenceless frontier. The first line of settlement from Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, that of the log cabin and the raw stump-strewn clearing, had been wiped out. The second belt, where the grandsons of its pioneers were living in comfortable houses, surrounded by orchards, meadows, and cornfields, was now a scene of blood and terror, and ringing with the unfamiliar sound of the Indian war-whoop. The third line, that of those old settlements remote from the mountains, and hugging the sea or the tidal rivers, where wealth, education, and political power centred, was, in the meantime, regarding the woes of its compatriots with a philosophy that has earned the trenchant criticism of the historian, and caused a world of anger at the time.

We have seen how Washington, with a thousand raw soldiers, low-class Southern white men, to whom authority was specially odious, was struggling in defence of a frontier nearly four hundred miles in length. Virginia, it should be said, was notoriously touchy on the subject of her boundaries. Her

* In South Carolina, as elsewhere, money was subscribed for their provision; and many of the exiles were bound over to work for up-country planters. Several outrages were attempted or committed by them, and a body of fifty seized a sloop and put to sea with a view to returning to Acadia.

white population at this time was larger than that of the Transvaal Boers to-day, who have placed some forty or fifty thousand men in the field. It was three times that of Natal, who has sent out to war many thousands of her best sons upon no greater provocation. Her frontier counties were swimming in blood and ringing with passionate appeals for succour. It was an occasion, one would have supposed, when the sons of her numerous aristocracy and still more numerous yeomanry would have responded in thousands to the call of their own harried people at least, if not to that of the mother country. They were an outdoor people, bred to the use of horse and gun, and cherished the sort of pride that, without the martial ingredient, seems to lack significance. The existence of slavery made even their time very much their own. The fear of a slave insurrection might influence the numbers available for distant adventure; but one looks in vain among the squires and yeomanry of the Southern colonies for the faintest spark, at this burning period, of the spirit that one would particularly expect in such a class. The natural fire of youth and love of glory and adventure, to say nothing of patriotic sentiment, that was so conspicuously present with after generations of the same breed, seems in this one to have been almost an unknown quantity. Considerably less than half the officers who commanded the few hundred ill-paid mercenaries that so tortured Washington belonged to the gentry class, and represented their total contribution to the defence of their province, and the long and fierce struggle with France.

A mere handful of Washington's own class are grouped round his youthful and commanding figure in this war. Whatever may have been the virtues of the Southern planter of this generation—and they were not inconsiderable—the love of soldiering and a generous public spirit were assuredly not among

them. But the Virginia legislature at least voted money for raising mercenaries, and professed much good intention; while that of Maryland in reluctant fashion followed suit. Pennsylvania, however, as a province was much more than apathetic. Her western counties were scoured even yet more cruelly than those of her Southern neighbours, and the cry from the scene of slaughter grew passionate and fierce towards the smug burghers of Philadelphia who held the provincial purse-strings. There were no country gentlemen to speak of in Pennsylvania. Broadly speaking, the main element of the frontier was Scotch-Irish, that of the middle counties German, and of the east, with the preponderating city of Philadelphia, Quaker. The latter was opposed to war of any sort on principle, and his secure position made his conscience and his comfort run pleasantly together. The Quakers by numbers and influence controlled the legislature, and to the tales of blood and horror that came pouring in from the borders they replied with homilies and platitudes. Braddock's defeat was a judgment for having interfered with the French! The slaughter of Presbyterian families upon the border, who were replacing the shaggy forests with fields of wheat and corn, was a visitation of God for some assumed bad faith in former days with the Indians! For in the eyes of a Philadelphia Quaker a Presbyterian could do no right, while a red man could scarcely do wrong. To have argued the question with such a man from a logical point of view would have been to argue with a stick or a stone. He was snug in his brick house in the fattest city of all the colonies, and with closed eyes and deprecating, uplifted palms at the bare suggestion of men taking arms in defence of their lives, he comes down to us a pretty figure at a time when strong men above all things were so sorely needed. He had his uses and his virtues, but they were not the kind required at the present moment. Some interesting attempts have been made by Philadelphia writers in recent

years to defend the action of their Quaker ancestors in this particular, and to upset the verdict of history. They do not strike one as particularly convincing, while the natural partiality that inspires them is obvious.

The German had hitherto backed the Quaker interest in opposing colonial defence. But now the tomahawk had reached the German settlements, and sentiments that were avowedly selfish swung round in an instant at the sight of German scalps. The Pennsylvanians of the west, regardless now of racial cleavages, vowed that if money, and arms and men were not voted they would march on the capital and bring the legislature to its senses by fair means or foul. It is a long story, but the pressure growing irresistible, the assembly saw that they might at least enjoy, while yielding, the ever-welcome luxury of quarrelling with their Governor, who was, of course, a nominee, or agent, rather, of the Penn family, the proprietors of the province, and at the same time thwarting their persecutors and withholding the relief demanded. So having voted the money, they made the vote conditional on a taxation of the Penn estates. This, they well knew, the Governor had no power to grant, and the Penns could not be heard from under three months. In the meantime the bill would remain unsigned, and the Government be

placed in the position of an obstructor. It sounds plausible enough that the Proprietors' estates should be taxed like the rest, but the Penns' lands were in the wilderness; they brought in no income, and had been made unsalable by the destruction of the frontier before them—a state of matters largely induced by the apathy of the legislature. The latter, too, had stipulated that these lands should be assessed for taxation by their own officials. The Penns' case even in times of peace would seem a strong one when it is further considered that the province owed its very existence to their father; but these were the details for which the colonial legislatures loved to struggle. No other body, however, but that of Pennsylvania would probably have weighed such a trifle against the lives and safety of its people. The Penns in the meantime, ignorant of the deadlock, had sent out £5,000 as a voluntary contribution—an amount which, judged by the standard of the time and the war-chest of the province, could give the greatest cavillers no ground for complaint. In course of time, though too late to save hundreds of human lives and an infinity of human suffering, ruin and loss, Western Pennsylvania got relief, but its trials extended far into a period which covered coming events of more immediate import here.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

BY INGLIS MORSE

'TIS love that murmurs music
To the issue of Spring flowers,
Whispering of birds a-mating
'Mid the laughter of the hours.

Love is the soul o' glad promise
Of a supreme to-morrow,
When thy heart, long dead, shall waken
To newer joy and sorrow.

WHEAT GROWING IN CANADA

By WILLIAM SAUNDERS, Director Dominion Experimental Farms



CANADA is widely known as a "land of plenty," and is frequently referred to as one of the future granaries of the world. The opinion has also been often expressed that the productive capacity of the land in the Dominion will, when the country is fairly settled, be more than equal to the task of supplying the Mother Country with all the wheat which her teeming millions require. Such statements are sometimes made in the absence of any definite ideas as to what the farming lands of Canada would probably be capable of producing annually if they were fairly well occupied by intelligent and industrious settlers.

The area of land suitable for the growing of agricultural crops in Canada is so vast that when presented in figures the mind needs a deal of training before their full significance can be grasped. The civilized world is gradually awakening to a somewhat hazy perception of the immense wealth laid up in the many millions of acres of fertile lands unoccupied here, and large numbers of immigrants are flocking to our shores. Commenters on these great possessions commonly pass over the large stretches of unoccupied territory in the Eastern Provinces, and direct attention mainly to the great Northwest country, a huge field for future enterprise, as yet very imperfectly understood even among our own people. In this article, it is the possibilities of the latter which will be primarily considered.

THE WHEAT AREAS

The following figures as to the quantity of land fit for settlement in the Province of Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have been obtained from official sources and may be accepted as approximately correct

for the areas in question:

	Total area Acres.	Estimated Proportion of Water.	Proportion Suitable for Cultivation.	Acres.
Manitoba	41,000,000	two-thirds	equal to	27,000,000
Assiniboia	57,000,000	seven-eighths	"	50,000,000
Saskatchewan	70,000,000	three-fourths	"	54,000,000
Alberta	64,000,000	two-thirds	"	42,000,000
Total				171,000,000

It is thus estimated that there are within the limits referred to, after making allowance for lands unfit for agriculture, about 171 million acres suitable for cultivation, by which is meant land of such a degree of fertility as to admit of profitable farming. It is proposed to confine our discussion on this occasion to the possibilities of agricultural progress within this area, where the quality of the soil and the conditions of climate are fairly well known. We should not, however, deal justly were we to pass over the great north country lying beyond the boundaries of Saskatchewan and Alberta without a few words of explanation.

The 155 million acres of land in Athabasca, and a large slice of the 340 million acres in Mackenzie, will no doubt prove important factors in the future development of Canada, but what proportion of these vast districts will be capable of the profitable growing of crops is as yet a matter of conjecture. There are, however, some proofs available showing that it is possible to grow cereals to some extent in portions of these remote districts of which our knowledge is so fragmentary.

NORTHERN EXPERIMENTS

The writer has received samples from Dunvegan, on the Peace River, in Athabasca, 414 miles by latitude north of Winnipeg, of Ladoga wheat plump and well matured, weighing 64 lbs. per bushel; oats weighing 40 to 42 lbs. per bushel; six-rowed barley, 52 lbs. per bushel; and spring rye weighing 56 lbs. per bushel.

At Fort Vermillion, further down the Peace River, also in Athabasca,

591 miles north of Winnipeg, Ladoga wheat has been raised weighing 60 lbs. per bushel; oats, $41\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.; six-rowed barley, $51\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; and spring rye $57\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per bushel.

From Fort Providence, in Mackenzie, 710 miles north of Winnipeg, have come good samples of oats and spring rye; but the quantities received were too small to permit of their weight per bushel being determined.

From Fort Simpson, 818 miles north of Winnipeg by latitude, Ladoga wheat has been obtained which weighed $62\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per bushel. In this instance a small percentage of the grain was injured by frost. This is the furthest point north from which samples of cereals have been received. The time between sowing and harvesting in these far northern districts is in some instances less than it is at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. At Dunvegan the grain was sown May 7th and harvested August 21st, giving a growing period of 101 days. The same sorts of grain grown at Ottawa, taking the average of three years, require 106 days. At Fort Vermillion the time between sowing and harvesting was also 101 days. At Fort Providence 108 days were required to bring grain to maturity, from June 1 to September 17, and at Fort Simpson the wheat was sown June 7 and harvested September 22, giving a growing period of 107 days.

The long days are an important factor in bringing about this result: the influence of increased periods of light hastens the ripening of cereals very much. This view is supported by facts brought together during a careful series of observations made some years ago by a distinguished Russian investigator, Kowalewski. He experimented with spring wheat and oats, growing them in different parts of Russia, from the far north at Arkhangelsk to the southern province of Kherson. He found that in the higher latitudes the grain ripens in a shorter period than in the more southern districts, the difference varying at different points from 12 to 35 days. This

author attributes the earlier ripening in the north largely to the influence of light during the long summer days. He also believes that the short seasons of quick growth have gradually brought about in these cereals an early ripening habit. In our experience with early ripening cereals, this habit is a permanent characteristic which they continue to manifest when grown in localities where the summer season is longer.

POSSIBILITIES

Leaving now any further discussion of these enormous northern territories, let us return to the small and better known districts nearer the lines of railway. Of the 171 million acres in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories, which are said to be suitable for cultivation, a very small part is yet under crop. In Manitoba there were 2,039,940 acres under wheat in 1902, and 1,134,385 acres in other farm crops, making a total of 3,174,325 acres. In the three Provisional Territories there were in all 625,758 acres in wheat, and about 363,879 acres in other crops, making a total of 989,637 acres, which, added to the acreage under cultivation in Manitoba, makes in all 4,163,962 acres. From this comparatively small area over 67 million bushels of wheat and nearly 59 million bushels of other grain were produced.

In 1903 the season was less favourable, and while there was an increase in the acreage of land devoted to wheat in Manitoba and the Territories the total production has been about 52 million bushels of wheat with about 54 million bushels of other grain. While the land prepared for crop in 1904 is considerably in excess of that for 1903 it is not likely to exceed $5\frac{1}{2}$ million acres in all, which is not much more than three per cent. of the land suitable for agriculture within the limits referred to.

Some comparisons may help us to understand the possibilities connected with these large but sparsely occupied districts.

The United States produces large quantities of wheat, sufficient to meet the demands of the home market for the feeding of a population of nearly 80 millions, and leaving a surplus, including flour for foreign export, equal to about 225 million bushels of wheat. From recent crop reports we learn that the total area under wheat in the United States in 1902, including winter and spring varieties, was 46,202,424 acres, which gave a crop of a little over 670 million bushels.

It does not follow that all the land fit for settlement in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories is suitable for wheat growing. There are some localities where the season is too short to make wheat a sure crop, and farmers in such districts will find it more profitable to carry on mixed farming; but from the good crops which have been harvested during some years past in most of the settled or partly settled regions, it is evident that the greater part of the country is well suited for the growing of wheat of high quality.

Another consideration which would reduce the area annually available for wheat is that the land, to get the best results, should be summer-fallowed every third season, which means that it should not be cropped that year. Further, while many excellent farmers advocate the growing of two crops of wheat in succession, one on fallowed land, the second on stubble to be followed by fallow, it may be found more profitable in some localities to grow wheat in rotation with other crops.

On the other hand, the yield per acre of wheat in Canada is larger than it is in the United States. In 1902 the average crop given for the whole of the United States, including winter and spring wheats, is about 14.5 bushels per acre. The same year the average of spring wheat in Manitoba was 26 bushels, and in the Northwest Territories 25 bushels. In 1903, when the season was so unfavourable, the yield in Manitoba averaged 16.42 bushels per acre. In Ontario, in 1902, winter wheat averaged 25.9 and spring wheat 18.7 bushels.

The average of a ten years' record tells much the same story. A ten years' average for Manitoba from 1891 to 1900 gives 19 bushels of spring wheat per acre. During the same time South Dakota gives 10.04 and North Dakota 12.07. The wheat yield for the whole of the United States for the same period was 13.3 bushels per acre; while in Ontario, the only Province with statistics covering this period, we have an average of 19.4 of fall wheat and 15.2 per acre of spring wheat. This larger yield in Canada is no doubt partly due to the land being more productive, and partly to a more favourable climate, and in some measure to better farming.

A REASONABLE PROPHECY

The total imports of wheat and flour into Great Britain in 1902 were equivalent in all to about 200 million bushels of wheat. Were one-fourth of the land said to be suitable for cultivation in Manitoba and the three Provisional Territories under crop with wheat annually, and the average production equal to that of Manitoba for the past ten years, the total crop would be over 812 million bushels. This would be ample to supply the home demand for 30 millions of inhabitants (supposing the population of Canada should by that time reach that figure) and meet the present requirements of Great Britain three times over. This estimate deals only with a portion of the West, and it leaves the large Eastern Provinces out of consideration altogether. From this it would seem to be quite possible that Canada may be in a position within comparatively few years, after supplying all home demands, to furnish Great Britain with all the wheat and flour she requires and leave a surplus for export to other countries. With a rural population on the western plains in 1902 of about 400,000, over 67 mil-

lion bushels of wheat were produced. Add to this the wheat grown in Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces and we already have a total of over 93 million bushels. These figures are full of promise for the future of Canada as a great wheat-exporting country.

WHEAT QUALITY

Under the climatic conditions which prevail in the Canadian Northwest, wheat of excellent quality is grown, which is much sought after by millers to mix with the flour of wheats of a lower grade, so that a desirable and uniform strength may be maintained in the flour they produce. This strength in flour, which is so highly developed in that made from No. 1 hard wheat grown in the Northwest, is due to the presence of a large proportion of gluten of high quality. The relative proportions of the more important constituents in wheat will depend on the character and tendencies of the individual variety, the climatic conditions under which it is grown, and the fertility of the soil. The chief constituents of wheat are gluten, starch and fat, all highly nutritious in their character. Starch forms the larger portion of the substance of the grain, ranging in spring wheat from 65 to 68 per cent.; gluten from 11 to about 13; and fat from about $1\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Winter wheat contains a larger proportion of starch, from 70 to 74 per cent., and a smaller proportion of gluten, from 6 to 9 per cent. The proportion of fat is much the same in both classes of wheat. When a number of different sorts of wheat are grown side by side and under the same conditions, some will be found to contain a larger proportion of gluten, others a more abundant deposit of starch. In the better sorts of spring wheat, when grown in northern latitudes, where the summer season is short and the growth rapid, the proportion of gluten is usually increased, and under such conditions the grain improves in quality.

Chemical analyses of gluten have

shown that it consists of two different principles, known as gliadin and glutenin, and it is from the combination of these in the best proportion that the highest quality of gluten results. Hence, while the percentage of gluten may be regarded in a general way as indicating the quality of a wheat, a high percentage of this substance is not always a sure indication of the milling value of the sample. Both the percentage and quality must be had to produce a flour which will give to bread made from it that tenacity which results in a light, porous white loaf of the most highly esteemed character. The best spring wheats grown in the Canadian Northwest are noted for the high quality of gluten they contain and hence are in great demand.

At the Dominion Experimental Farms persistent efforts have been made from the outset to bring together from different countries the best and most promising sorts of wheat for trial, the qualities particularly sought being productiveness, earliness and strength of flour. These varieties have been grown side by side, under similar conditions, so that their relative value might be determined.

RED FIFE WHEAT

Among the spring wheats commonly grown at the time the Farms were established none was so highly or justly esteemed as the Red Fife and the position it still holds is a pre-eminent one. It is remarkable for its productiveness, for its high quality, and for its power of adapting itself to varying conditions of soil and climate. This wheat originated about sixty years ago, and in the *Canadian Agriculturist* for 1861 the following account of its origin is given:

"About the year 1842 Mr. David Fife, of the Township of Otonabee, Canada West, now Ontario, procured, through a friend in Glasgow, Scotland, a quantity of wheat which had been obtained from a cargo direct from Dantzig. As it came to hand just before spring seed time, and not knowing whether it was a fall or spring variety, Mr. Fife concluded to sow a part of it that spring and wait for the result. It proved to be a fall wheat, as it

never ripened except three ears which grew apparently from a single grain. These were preserved and, although sown the next year under unfavourable circumstances, being quite late and in a shady place, it proved at harvest to be entirely free from rust when all wheat in the neighbourhood was badly rusted. The produce of this was carefully preserved and from it sprung the variety of wheat known over Canada and the Northern States by the different names of Fife, Scotch and Glasgow."

From this it would appear that the Red Fife has been in cultivation for more than half a century, and it does not show any tendency to deterioration. It gives as large a crop and is as high in quality as it ever was. It was taken from Ontario to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where it is believed to have improved in quality, and as grown there stands probably higher in the estimation of millers for the making of flour than any other known variety.

While the Red Fife has so many points of excellence, it is open to one objection, which sometimes proves a very serious drawback to its cultivation. It is rather late in ripening, and during the past fifteen years there have been several seasons when early frosts in the Northwest have injured the grain so as to reduce its value very materially. Whenever this has occurred an outcry has been made by the farmers who have suffered, for an earlier ripening wheat.

In the endeavour to meet this demand varieties of wheat have been brought to Canada from many different countries, and grown for many years at all the Experimental Farms alongside of the Red Fife and other well-known sorts, and their periods of ripening and weight of crop carefully recorded. Some wheats have been brought from the colder districts in Northern Russia, verging on the Arctic circle, some from other countries in the northern parts of Europe, others from different altitudes in the Himalaya Mountains in India, from 500 to as high as 11,000 feet, which is about the limit for wheat growing in that range. Other wheats have been obtained in the Northern United States, from Australia, Japan and elsewhere.

Both the Russian and Indian wheats have usually ripened earlier than the Red Fife, but some have been inferior in quality, and others have given such small crops that the growing of most of them has been abandoned. Those we have had from Australia, also those from the Northwestern States, have been as late as, and many of them later than, the Red Fife, and show no advantages over that variety. Every promising sort obtainable has been tested under the different climatic conditions existing in Canada, without finding a single earlier ripening sort in cultivation elsewhere having the high quality of the Red Fife.

THE BREEDING OF NEW WHEATS.

Another method by which we have sought to obtain the desired end has been by the cross-breeding of wheats, with the object of combining the good qualities of two or more varieties. It was on July 19, 1888, when the first experiments were begun in the cross-breeding of wheat on the Experimental Farm, and since that time several hundred new sorts have been produced and tested. In originating many of these new productions the Red Fife has been chosen as one of the parents. One of the earlier importations from Northern Russia was the Ladoga, a wheat which after a thorough test proved on an average to be about a week earlier in ripening than the Red Fife; it was also fairly productive, but in quality did not compare favorably with that variety. A considerable number of crosses were produced between these two sorts, the most promising of which were multiplied until plots of considerable size could be grown. These were subject to rigid inspection from year to year, the less desirable sorts being promptly discarded so as to keep the number of varieties under trial within reasonable bounds.

Among the most promising of the numerous progeny from this cross are the varieties known as Preston and Stanley. The Preston is a bearded sort. The Stanley is beardless. Taking the average yield obtained on the

experimental plots on all the Experimental Farms for a period of nine years, the Preston has given a crop of 34 bushels 41 lbs. per acre, while the Red Fife has given 33 bushels 7 lbs. per acre, a difference of 1 bushel 34 lbs. in favour of the Preston. The Preston has also ripened uniformly earlier, the grain in time of ripening varying from four to six days.

The Stanley is a twin wheat with the Preston, both having had origin in the one kernel. The plant grown from the cross-bred kernel the first season produced heads which were uniformly bearded; but when the seed from this was sown the year following, some plants produced bearded heads and others beardless. Subsequently these two varieties were bred to type by discarding all the variations produced until the types became fixed. Stanley during a nine years' test has given an average crop of 32 bushels 2 lbs. per acre, which is 1 bushel 5 lbs. less than Red Fife for the same period. In earliness of ripening this variety is about the same as the Preston.

The White Fife, which has averaged 8 lbs. per acre more than Red Fife, during a nine years' trial, is grown to a considerable extent in some parts of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories; but, although highly esteemed by some, it is not held to be equal in quality to the Red Fife. This variety was also crossed with the Ladoga, and the best results obtained were Huron and Percy. Huron is a bearded variety which has also proven productive and early. During a nine years' test it has given a slightly larger crop than Red Fife, exceeding that variety by 4 lbs. per acre. It has also matured from four to five days earlier. Percy has given an average crop during the nine years' trial of 31 bushels 30 lbs. per acre, which is 1 bush. 37 lbs. per acre less than Red Fife for the same time. This also ripens earlier than Red Fife by from four to five days.

Another variety, known as Early Riga, was obtained by crossing one of the East Indian wheats, named Gehun brought from a high elevation

in the Himalayas, 11,000 feet, with a Russian wheat known as Onega. The Onega was brought from near Archangel, one of the most northerly wheat-growing districts in Russia. These were both early varieties, but were not very productive. The early Riga was the best sort produced from this cross, and has proved to be one of the earliest ripening wheats known. During the five years it has been under trial it has ripened on an average from eight to nine days earlier than Red Fife. It has also proved fairly productive, having given an average crop for five years at all the Experimental Farms of 31 bushels 2 lbs. per acre, being 4 bushels 23 lbs. less than Red Fife for the same period.

A COMPARISON

The next point to consider is the quality of these cross-bred wheats and how they compare with Red Fife. To gain information on this point, three lots of samples were put up, consisting of two of Red Fife carefully cleaned and of the very best quality, with two each of Preston, Stanley and Percy. One of these was grown at Ottawa, Ont.; the other at Indian Head, N.W.T. One lot of samples was submitted to Mr. Julicher, the well-known wheat expert of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co. of Minneapolis, Minn. A second lot was sent to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, London, England, with a request that they be submitted to one of the best English wheat experts. The third lot was handed to the Chemist of the Experimental Farms, Mr. F. T. Shutt, for analysis. The samples sent to Lord Strathcona were referred by him to Mr. Wm. Halliwell, technical editor of *The Miller*, who is regarded as one of the most competent authorities in England. He is said to have had twenty-five years' experience in practical flour milling and wheat buying. These samples were all sent under numbers, and no information was given as to their names.

The reports of the experts on these wheats show that they were all of good

quality. In Mr. Julicher's report the cross-bred sorts were all shown to contain as much gluten as, and two of the three varieties somewhat more than, the Red Fife, while the quality of the gluten in the cross-breds was placed at 100, and that of the two samples of Red Fife at 101. In some particulars the cross-bred sorts were rated a little below the Red Fife; but the differences were slight.

Mr. Halliwell, the English expert, rated the samples grown at Ottawa as lower in quality than those grown at Indian Head. In "milling structure" and "appearance" the Red Fife, Stanley and Percy, grown at Indian Head, were all placed on an equality, the estimation being indicated by 10 as a maximum number. In "strength" and "colour marks" the Red Fife, Stanley and Percy were all rated at 10; while the Preston was put at 9. In working these samples Mr. Halliwell compared them with others on the London Corn Exchange, and these in some instances graded lower than most of the Canadian samples, and none of them were equal to the best of the Northwest samples. As to value in the London market, Mr. Halliwell says that Percy, Red Fife and Stanley would sell at that date "off Mark Lane stands" at 34 shillings 3d. per 496 lbs., and Preston at 34 shillings—thus placing the Preston, on account of what he calls, in another part of his report, "a just perceptible difference," 3d. per 496 lbs. less in value than the other three, which is equal to about three-quarters of a cent per bushel.

The Huron wheat has not yet been reported on.

The Early Riga was subsequently sent to Mr. Julicher, who reports that it contained 14.2% of gluten against 11.9% in Red Fife; that the gluten is equal in quality and colour to Red Fife, and he gives it the same grading, viz., 101. The only point where a very slight difference is given is in the colour of the dough, which in Red Fife is said to be "white" and in Early Riga "creamy white."

The report given on these wheats by

the Chemist of the Experimental Farms agrees closely with those of the wheat experts. He finds the proportion of gluten highest in the Early Riga and second highest in Percy. In all these wheats he says: "Not only is the gluten satisfactory as to quantity but also as to quality. In noting the character of the wet gluten it was found to be slightly creamy in colour, firm, elastic and of uniform texture, denoting a 'strong' flour and one eminently suitable for bread-making purposes."

From these critical examinations and analyses, it will be seen that these cross-bred varieties grown in the Northwest compare favourably with the Red Fife both as to quality and yield, and there is no reason to believe that their general cultivation there would appreciably affect the quality or reputation of our Northwest wheat, and the earlier ripening of the cross-bred sorts would be a great advantage to the growers. Apart from the likelihood of escape from injury by early frost, the convenience in cutting of having a part of the crop ripen a few days earlier would be much appreciated. Where a settler has 200 or 300 acres of wheat of one sort all ripening together, and has limited help at harvest, he is obliged to begin to cut his crop before it is ripe or his wheat will shell badly before he reaches the end of his harvesting. The part cut first, before maturity will shrivel more or less, which involves loss in weight and depreciation in quality, due to unevenness in the sample, to which must be added such loss as may arise from shelling in the part cut latest. By sowing a part of the land with an earlier ripening sort such difficulties could be largely overcome, and would result in better and more satisfactory returns. Many farmers are determined to get earlier ripening sorts if such are obtainable, and it is gratifying to know that they can now be had, and of good quality. In a recent letter from a prominent farmer in Assiniboia he says:

"There is one thing I wish to say for your information. There are thousands of bushels of Preston wheat sold in the Northwest Ter-

ritories. It is sold as Red Fife. I am informed that nine out of ten buyers cannot tell the difference between Red Fife and Preston. A buyer was asked in W— his opinion of Preston wheat. He said 'I know nothing about Preston; I only buy Red Fife.' He was asked if he had purchased from Mr.—. He said 'yes' and I gave him the highest figure for his wheat.' He was surprised to hear that it was Preston. This writer further says, 'I grew Preston wheat this year. It was shelling out while my neighbour's Red Fife was green and frozen.'"

Mr. A. Mackay, Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Assa., writing on this subject in his Report for 1903, says:

"I wish to draw the attention of Territorial wheat growers to the cross-bred varieties of wheat, Preston, Stanley and Huron, which have been tested for some years at the Experimental Farm. These varieties were sown in field crops later than Red Fife and were ripe, cut and in stalks five to six days before frost came; while Red Fife was injured by the cold wave of September 5. Huron has always been near the top in yield here, and this year heads the list in productiveness. It also matured before frost came. Preston, Stanley and Huron were the only sorts out of nine varieties sown in field crops that will grade No. 1 Hard. Percy, although fairly ripe, had heads not matured which the frost injured."

In a favourable season, when the temperature is high enough to ripen wheat rapidly, the difference in time of ripening of such early sorts as Preston, Stanley and Huron as compared with Red Fife is reduced to about four days; but when the weather is cold and backward and the ripening process goes on slowly, the difference is increased, and, under such conditions, will often amount to from one to two weeks.

The reports on the Early Riga wheat are most gratifying. The proportion of gluten found in this variety is about 20 per cent. more than in Red Fife and the quality of gluten equal. To find a wheat superior in quality to Red Fife is what one would scarcely expect; but to find that superiority associated with so much earliness—from eight to nine days, as an average of five years' trial—is highly satisfactory. The general introduction of such a wheat will probably extend the wheat-growing area in Canada and make it successful in points further north than is possible with the varieties at present grown. The fact that it falls a little below Red Fife in yield is more than atoned for by its earliness and quality. The outlook in this connection is most encouraging, and the results a triumph of the skill of the plant breeder.

In view of the great importance of this branch of the work at the Experimental Farms, arrangements have been made to devote even more attention to it in future than has been given to it in the past. A special Division of Cereal Breeding and Experimentation has been formed. A series of important experiments has been commenced during 1903 along promising lines, and about 400 new varieties of wheat have been produced. The field is a boundless one, and the possibilities of success great. It is hoped that the skill and energy brought to bear on this line of work will bring further results of even greater value to the country.

SUMMARY

Known wheat-growing area in Western Canada,
171,000,000 acres.

Of which there is now under cultivation,
5,000,000 acres.

Present production of wheat and other grains,
125,000,000 bushels.

Possible wheat production (one-fourth under crop
annually), 800,000,000 bushels.

SOIL UTILIZATION

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRODUCTION OF TREES

By E. STEWART, *Superintendent of Forestry*



IS APPLICATION of energy and waste of labour are everywhere observable and are doubly injurious; first, through disappointment in expected results, and second, in the discouragement they offer to further exertion.

The task of the agriculturist in this country is arduous enough, even when his efforts are rightly directed; but when he dissipates his strength like Sancho Panza in fighting windmills, in other words, working in opposition to, instead of in conjunction with nature, his lot is doubly hard and his rewards correspondingly small. How frequently we see the farmer wasting his labour on land that is ill adapted for the growth of cereals of any kind! In other cases we find him failing in his efforts through attempting to grow certain varieties of crop for which his soil is unsuited, whereas it may be well adapted for others which he has never attempted to raise. If it were possible to ascertain the loss sustained by our agriculturists through misdirected effort in this regard, the figures would undoubtedly be alarming. Frequently, in fact almost universally, this loss is the result of a lack of knowledge which it should be within their power to possess.

I am fully aware of the excellent work our governments have done for agriculture, and probably their next step will be the furnishing of information that will direct the agriculturist in the cultivation of such crops as his soil is best adapted to produce. The results that have followed such work in European countries are most remarkable, and I am informed that one of the effects of the investigations of a branch of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which has recently been established, and which is

known as the Bureau of Soil Survey, is, that in one district in Alabama, formerly considered practically worthless, on which a few indigent farmers were struggling to make a bare living, the soil and climatic conditions were found exactly suited to the growth of the best Cuban tobacco, and that during the past year this has been demonstrated by the growth of such a crop.

My special object, however, is to call attention to the proper utilization of land now held by the Crown that is not adapted for any kind of agricultural products, but which is useful for, and adapted to the growth of timber. Canada has a very large area of such land. Much of it is now covered with timber, some of which is of great commercial value. Other areas have once been covered with timber, but through its destruction by fire they are now either bare or growing up with young trees. In some cases this growth contains a sufficient number of trees of desirable varieties to make in time, if not destroyed, another valuable forest. Again, there are large timbered sections at the head waters of rivers and streams. Frequently the land in these sections is entirely unsuited for any other purpose than the growth of timber, and even if it were suitable for agricultural purposes it is of far greater value in forest; it forms, in conjunction with the soil on which it grows, the natural reservoirs for furnishing evenly and continuously the water supply of the adjacent country. The results from excessive denudation of mountain sides are too well known to require much comment. Thoreau probably had more than the sentimental in his mind when he deplored the ruthless work of the axe on his New England hills, and exclaimed: "Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds!"

In Southern Europe, in Northern Africa and in Asia Minor large sections of country, once the most fruitful in the world, rich with the products of a fertile soil and genial climate, are now dreary wastes incapable of yielding sufficient to sustain even a scattered population. This deplorable state of affairs has resulted from the clearing away and destruction of the timber on the mountain and hill sides. Within recent years in some of these districts, especially in Southern France, the work of forest reclamation has been undertaken at great expense. But these examples should be valuable to a new country like Canada, in teaching us that forest management is wider in its effects than is usually apprehended. But it is scarcely necessary to go so far afield for examples of the injurious effects of over-denudation, for in many parts in older Ontario and Quebec a water famine is fast approaching from this cause. The former, as has been said, is rapidly becoming a prairie province. Streams that in early years were comparatively equable in their flow and perennial in character, are now raging torrents in the early spring and dry in the later summer months. And why is this? Simply because the natural reservoir has been destroyed. I cannot refrain in this connection from quoting the very pertinent remark of Captain Eads when he was engaged in building dykes on the lower Mississippi, that he was working at the wrong end of the stream. Public attention on this subject within recent years has been to a limited extent awakened in both the United States and Canada, and the necessity of taking some steps to prevent future disaster has been seen. The State of New York at great expense is now buying back from private owners a large area of forested land in the Adirondack Mountains, to be reserved as a park for the supply of water flowing into the Hudson, the Mohawk and other streams which have their sources in that range. More recently something like \$10,000,000 has been recommended by the Washington Government for the purchase of land in the Appalachian

Mountains for a similar purpose. In addition to these a large number of forest reserves are being set aside by the same Government in the Pacific Coast States and Territories.

On this side of the line, in northern Ontario, as well as in the timbered districts of the North-West Territories and in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, a number of reserves have been set aside, but only a beginning has been made in what is a matter of vital importance to the whole country.

It is well established that every country requires, in order to fulfil essential economic conditions, only one of which I have mentioned, to have a certain portion of its area in perpetual forest. Space will not permit me to dwell at length on this head, but the question is, how are these areas to be selected? The first thing necessary is to have a thorough exploration made in advance of settlement to determine what districts should be set aside permanently for the growth and production of timber, and what portions should be surveyed for agricultural settlements.

Every acre of land should be utilized for the production of that variety of crop for which it is best suited. The system that has been too prevalent in the past of allowing settlers, many of whom were ignorant of the capabilities of the land on which they settled, to locate wherever their fancy directed them, should be stopped.

The once accepted idea that governments existed only for the protection of life and property is too narrow for the present day. As society becomes complex it is more and more observable that "no man liveth to himself;" his life is but a part of the life of the community and his very existence is interdependent. More and more are commercial interests encroaching on those of the individual. This necessitates trusteeship and in many cases the proper trustee is the government. Especially is this the case with natural resources still in the possession of the Crown. The government as representing the nation certainly is vested with the authority as well as charged

with the responsibility of their management, and in such management it is not sufficient that the welfare of the present generation should be kept in view. Succeeding generations must be considered.

Let us consider for a moment our virgin forests. They are the product of the growth of centuries. Neither we nor our fathers sowed the seed or tilled the soil on which they grow. They are the freest of Nature's gifts to the community, and to allow individual expropriation of them without a sufficient return to the community is robbery. But the forest belongs to that kingdom of nature where life exists, and by its constructive energy, reproduction and growth are constantly at work in bringing forth a new crop; so that in contradistinction to the products of the mineral kingdom all that is necessary to ensure a perpetual forest for all future time is that we should not prejudicially interfere with nature's operations.

Owing to the fact that but a very small percentage of the constituent elements of the tree is derived from the soil, less in fact than one per cent., it follows that soil entirely unfit to produce agricultural crops is frequently well adapted for the growth of trees. Again, no rotation of different kinds of timber is necessary. The same soil will continue for ages to grow the same varieties. For this reason any land unfit for agriculture should be utilized for the growth of timber. It is very unfortunate that so much land in these Provinces which is unfit for the growth of cereals should ever have been thrown open for settlement. A large percentage of the land of Northern Ontario and Quebec contains a light sandy and gravelly soil, frequently broken by rocky ledges and covered with boulders, difficult to cultivate and incapable of yielding anything but the scantiest return for the arduous labour expended on it. This land was originally covered with valuable forests of pine, hemlock, maple and other timber, and could have been so managed as to continue indefinitely to produce the same varieties, but the inexperienced

emigrant, finding that it was open for settlement, attempted to make a home on it, only to find after years of toil little to reward him for his labour.

I have referred to the necessity of every country having a certain proportion of its area in forest. This proportion may vary from 15% to 25%. In this connection I venture to make a suggestion which I am persuaded it would be wise for the Governments of the Provinces and that of the Dominion as well to adopt, and it is this, that in any future patents for land in timbered districts a provision should be inserted that, say at least 10% of the area should be left perpetually in forest. It would by no means follow that the owner would not be allowed to obtain timber from this area. All that would be necessary would be that he cut it on rational forestry principles, taking out the maturer timber and allowing the young growth to take its place. This instead of being a disadvantage to the owner would on the contrary be a real and lasting benefit to him. Let it be understood that forestry does not aim at nonutilization of the forest crop. Its aims are the same in its field as are the aims of the husbandman in his, viz., to realize to the fullest extent the matured product. I am informed that such a provision as I have stated was inserted in some of the leases formerly granted to tenants by the seigneurs in the Province of Quebec, and also in the deeds at one time given by the Upper Canada Land Company in Ontario.

Canada, owing to the fact that so much of its territory still remains in the hands of the Crown, has an opportunity which few countries possess of inaugurating a land and forest policy that will be of lasting benefit to the country by utilizing every acre of her territory for the growth of such products as are best suited to the varied conditions, and by guiding the pioneer settlers who are now making, and who will in the future make their homes in our unoccupied territory, to a wise use of the natural resources, whether contained in the soil, or in the timber with which a large portion of it is covered.

TIME THE AVENGER

By A. SETON FOX

KNOWING that he had had his last meal in the familiar seat over by the window which overlooked Broadway, Robert Matheson walked out of the luxurious club with a feeling of loneliness. He had just that day severed his connection with the business part of the city and, with his last roll of bills in his pocket, was prepared to leave New York the next day. But he had one more call to make and on that visit were centered all his hopes. His engagement to Miss Elinor Warrington, an English beauty, had been the cause of many congratulations from his friends, and the match was considered a suitable one from both sides. She had beauty and position, and he, the successful Wall Street financier, money enough for both; and so the world approved and the matrimonial gates seemed about to open to a well-favoured pair. But in a few hours Robert had lost his whole fortune, and he feared that the losing of it would mean the loss of another possession.

He wondered if all engagements were as formal as his, and was forced to admit to himself that he was absolutely in the dark as to what his fiancée would say or do when he explained matters to her. He had no idea of concealing anything; she must know that he had nothing to offer her now but himself, with the hope of something more in the dim future. His love-making had been only lukewarm, for at a certain point an indistinct but icy barrier seemed to come between them, and his love for her would imperceptibly contract, while her love for him was a question which he had never had satisfactorily answered. "I suppose, though, English girls are more reserved than our own—perhaps they cannot help it, but I shall see Elinor's real self to-night if I never did before."

He was obviously nervous when he was shown into the reception room and told that Miss Warrington would be down in a few moments. Presently he heard the faint rustle of her skirts, and Elinor, tall and fair, entered the room. She had a smile of welcome on her face.

"You are very early to-night, Robert; we have just finished dinner."

"Yes, dear," he said gravely, "I came early on purpose. I have something to tell you," and bending his head he kissed her—just once, and very decorously. She was gowned in a rich dress of palest pink, and on her breast was a huge bunch of violets which he had sent her that day. She looked tantalizingly beautiful and unapproachable as she stood under the hanging lamp, and a lump rose in his throat as he realized that perhaps after to-night she would be his no longer. How he longed to take her in his arms, sure that when he had told her of his misfortunes, she would comfort him in his trouble!

"Elinor!" he said, drawing her beside him to the sofa. There was a world of meaning in his voice, and the girl looked up quickly.

"You have something to tell me, Robert; what is it?" she asked.

"Nothing very cheerful, I'm afraid. The truth is, I'm ruined."

"Ruined!" she exclaimed. "Please explain what you mean." A longing for her love and sympathy came over him that he had never experienced before. If she had only known it, now was her opportunity to grasp a love that was priceless.

"Elinor," and he was very close to her now, "when I asked you to marry me three months ago, I had money and everything that money can buy to offer you. Now"—he paused and there was a hungry look in his eyes. "Now, I come and offer you myself and my love. But I will work, oh, Elinor, how

I will work until I have made a fortune that is worthy of you. Do you love me enough to wait until that fortune is made, or will you—could you endure poverty a little while for my sake?" His eyes were fastened on her face, and his voice, low and earnest, was full of entreaty. He was waiting for the love and sacrifice to light up her face, but she drew no nearer and the love and the smile were not there.

"Poverty!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Robert, how dreadful it would be to be poor!"

The supreme moment had passed and he leaned wearily against the back of the lounge.

"Yes, poverty is dreadful. You are quite right and I was foolish to ask it of you."

"I am sorry, Robert, but perhaps we can think of something to be done."

"There is nothing to be done," he said listlessly. "Of course you are perfectly free. Please keep the few trifles I have given you—it would hurt me to have them returned." The trifles amounted to many dollars' worth of jewels, but they seemed insignificant to him now.

"But I have not given you up. You must give me time to think it over; it is all so sudden and unexpected. Are you going away?" she asked.

"My trunks are packed and I leave to-morrow night for the Klondike."

"Give me until to-morrow. I must have time," she said again.

"Very well, to-morrow," he repeated, and pressing her hand he left her.

For hours he walked the streets, and finally let himself in at his own rooms. There was a cheerful fire burning, and on the table a little supper stood waiting for him.

"What! not in bed yet, Thomas?" he said, taking out his watch. "Why, it is after two o'clock. There is nothing to be done—don't stay up any longer," and he dropped into a chair and rested his head on his hand.

"There is something I would like to say to you, sir," said the man.

"Yes, Thomas, what is it?"

"It's just this, sir. I can't see you

go away alone, you that's had me to do things for the last eight years. Take me, sir, I want to go with you."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Thomas. Much as I will miss you, I can't take you. I haven't money enough for a valet now."

"Money don't count, sir. I have enough for two for a while, and I'll work for you; only let me come."

"I'll give you the very highest references a man could have and you'll get another place. You are a luxury I cannot afford," said Robert sadly.

"Let me come, sir. I don't want money, but my home is where you are."

Mr. Matheson's voice was perhaps husky as he replied, "You are a good fellow, Thomas, and a friend too true to lose. Come along, and I hope you don't regret it."

"Not me, sir!" said the man, as he disappeared with a smile on his face.

"Has the mail come yet?" asked Robert, as he sat at his coffee the following morning.

"Yes, sir."

Sorting it over he found that the letter he was waiting for had not arrived. There was still a hope in his breast that the night would bring tender thoughts to the heart of the girl he wanted, and that he would be free to go and bid her a lover's farewell until they should meet again. The next delivery brought him the looked-for letter. With fingers slightly unsteady, he opened the correct little note and read:

"DEAR ROBERT—

I had very little sleep last night as I wished to give the subject proper consideration, and have come to the conclusion that it would only be hampering you to keep to our engagement. Long ones I disapprove of, and I fear I am not the sort to be poor by choice. This is a wrench to me, but I think it is for the good of both that we end everything between us. I shall always be interested in you and hope you will do well where you are going.

Good-bye,
ELINOR M. WARRINGTON.

He read it over the second time, then fiercely tore it into shreds and threw the pieces in the grate.

"That little episode is ended," he said with a hollow laugh, and with a heart like lead he went out to make final arrangements for leaving that night.

Mrs. Waters was giving one of her monthly crushes, and the rooms were brilliant with their floods of light and the beauty of the sumptuously gowned women.

Standing near the door, a little apart from the others, stood a distinguished looking man, with a deep tan on his face which testified to a life spent in surroundings very different from the scene upon which he now looked with such marked indifference. Seeing his hostess approaching, he pulled himself together and tried to look as though the whole affair were not boring him to death.

"Come, Mr. Matheson, this will never do. Here you are standing as though you were amongst perfect strangers. Five years is a long time, but you will find that we have not forgotten you yet. Now I am going to be very good to you and introduce you to Miss Crombie." This was said with the air of one about to confer an indisputable honour, and the little woman led him to the other side of the room where a girl stood surrounded by a group of men.

"Marygold, I want to introduce a very old friend of mine. Mr. Matheson—Miss Crombie."

Robert looked and bowed, and thought he had never seen a smile so sweet and frank on anyone's face before. She was a typical American girl with that indescribable charm that seems part of their individuality.

"Am I too late to hope for a dance, Miss Crombie?" asked Robert.

"I am sorry, Mr. Matheson, but my card is full," and as the music began one of the men claimed her, and he watched her waltz away in the arms of her partner.

From that night his interest in the social world awakened from its long sleep, and he found himself counting

the days until the next affair would bring him within the radius of her smiles. "Do you know, Miss Crombie," he said to her one night as he was calling at her aunt's house; "I seem to know you better than any other woman in New York, and yet it is only five weeks and two days since I met you."

The girl gave a merry laugh as she answered, "It is funny that although men say I am not hard to get to know, with women it is different; they think I am. Why is it, I wonder?"

"Perhaps we monopolize you too much. But tell me, do the other men get to know you as I have done?" It was not the question, but the look accompanying it that brought the colour to the girl's face. As she was about to reply, Mrs. Ellerton, Marygold's aunt, interrupted them with an invitation for Robert to join them at a little theatre party the following Wednesday, which he hastened to accept. As he walked home that night the faces of two women seemed to be dancing before him. One was a trifle indistinct, beautiful and cold, while the other seemed carved in his brain—the face of a girl, not as beautiful as the other, but full of life and charm.

The theatre was crowded on Wednesday night and presented a brilliant sight as Mrs. Ellerton's guests arranged themselves in the boxes, and surveyed the sea of faces beneath them.

"Who is that in the box opposite? She seems to be trying to bow to you," said Miss Crombie, and as Robert followed her glance he recognized the woman who had thrown him over when misfortune came to him. She bowed and smiled, and as Robert inclined his head in return, Marygold exclaimed, "What a beautiful woman! Surely she is a stranger here?"

"She is English," he answered; "I knew her some years ago."

"Oh, then that must be Miss Warrington, who is to be married to old Mr. Severn. I heard all about it from a girl who knows her and her people in England. There he is, Mr. Severn I mean, sitting to her left. What a

dreadful looking old man for a girl like that to marry! Isn't he?"

"Not very attractive, certainly. Have you seen this opera many times before, Miss Crombie?" he asked, drawing her attention from the box opposite.

"Oh yes, but I never tire of Carmen," she replied, turning to the stage as the curtain rose on the second act.

As Robert handed Marygold into her carriage that night, he knew that for the second time in his life he was in love—hopelessly and irrevocably in love this time as he had not been before, and he went home to think and dream of their next meeting.

"Here is a letter for you, sir," said Thomas the following morning as he came in to clear the breakfast table. "It came just now by special messenger."

How it brought back the scene of five years ago when Thomas had handed him a letter in the same handwriting and in the same room! But there was no trembling now, only a curiosity as to what its contents might be after five years' silence. He opened it and read:

DEAR MR. MATHESON,

I suppose I must call you Mister, now, but when I saw you last night I could hardly realize that five years ~~have~~ elapsed since we met. I shall be at home between four and five this afternoon, and want to see you. Please come, as I have something to say about our last evening together.

ELINOR.

Robert went directly to his desk and wrote a reply to this unexpected invitation, saying that an engagement would prevent him from calling that afternoon, and that he would prefer not to open up the past. He signed the note "With kind regards, Robert Henry Matheson," and had it sent off at once.

On his way down town he stopped at the florist's and despatched a box of flowers to Miss Crombie, hoping she would wear them when he called that evening. How the day seemed to drag, and a dozen times he caught himself taking out his watch to see how the time was passing. But all

days come to an end, and at last he sat waiting for Marygold to come down.

With his heart leaping with love and hope, Robert lost no time in conventionalities. He saw with delight that she wore his flowers, and then he could wait no longer.

"Marygold, I have come to-night to ask you to be my wife! I love you, dear, and I want you. Will you marry me?"

She showed no surprise, but smiling sweetly up at him, said, "Are you quite sure you love me?"

When Robert reached home that night his mind was in a reverie too pleasant to disturb, and settling himself in an easy chair with his feet on another he gave himself up to his thoughts. In his hand he held a picture, and as he sat gazing at it he was suddenly brought back to earth by a knock at the door. Thomas entered the room and, before he had time to explain, a woman, in a long opera cloak and veil, followed him in; and the man discreetly withdrew. Robert, wondering who his unexpected visitor was, jumped up from his chair, dropping the picture, which fell face downwards to the floor.

"It is I,—Elinor," said the girl, opening her cloak and lifting back her veil.

"Miss Warrington, this is indiscreet! Is there anything I can do for you?" He was visibly embarrassed.

"Robert," she began, and he saw that she was trembling, "I sent for you but you would not come, and so I simply had to come myself. You have heard of my approaching marriage, probably, but I hate it. Oh, how I hate the old man with his compliments and presents! I treated you shamefully, but I have suffered. I realized it after you had gone, but did not know how to let you know, having sent you away with hardly a word. Oh, Robert," she continued, "take me back. It's you I want, not money, now. Won't you save me? Robert!"

Robert!" and she covered her face with her hands.

He would never have recognized the cold, conventional girl he knew for this impassioned woman, who was opening up her heart to show him that they were not ashes that remained of her old love, but a burning passion that time and absence seemed to have fanned into flame.

"Tell me I am not too late and that you forgive me," she said, uncovering her face, and then her eyes fell on the picture which she had seen him holding as she entered the room.

"Is it—can it be mine?" she asked, and with one lingering hope she stooped and picked it up. One look was enough, and she laid it on the table.

"You love her?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he returned, "I love her."

There was a long pause, and then she spoke.

"Forgive me, Robert. I never should have come, but I did not think of that possibility. I am sorry—so sorry—please forget this foolish visit," and she picked up her cloak from the chair.

"Don't worry about it, Elinor," he said very softly; "we will both forget about it," and, taking her cloak, he wrapped it round her.

"She is a lucky girl, and I hope you will be very happy." Taking hold of his hand, she pressed it, and then slipped quietly from the room, and a moment later he heard the rumble of wheels grow faint and fainter.

THE SONGS UNSUNG

BY EMILY MC MANUS

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

—Keats.

D^O you doubt what the age of the Earth may be?
Ask the bud in the sheaf, or the bird on the tree;
Ask the lily bell by the breezes swung,
And the old, sweet song will again be sung;—
Young, young, she is young and forever young,
While a leaf's unfurled, or a song unsung.

But what of the sorrow, the haunting pain
For that which will never return again?
For the diamond drop on the lily's vest?
For the lark as he mounts to his airy nest?—
They live forever, are always young,
And the sweetest songs are the songs unsung.

It is man alone that grows old, so old,
Whose hours run past as a tale that is told.
Take him, O Mother Earth, to thy breast;
Teach him the secret of youth and of rest;
Teach him, O Life, that the songs unsung
Have a charm to keep him forever young.

“THE SOONER TO SLEEP”*

By Caroline Marriage

“**N**EXT Sunday, I think,” he said gently. “It would be best for you to go into the hospital on Saturday. In cases like this it is not safe to put off.”

“I wouldn’t have it put off.”

“And your people? Have you any one in London—any relations?”

She shook her head. “I’ve a married sister in Hull. I will write to her, but she will not be able to come.”

“Let me have her address,” said the Doctor. “It may be a little while before you can write again, and she’ll be anxious.”

“I don’t think I shall tell her the truth,” she said slowly. “I was to have gone down there next week to keep house and see to things during her confinement; I shall have to make some excuse.”

“Is there nobody else?”

The girl hesitated.

“Nobody you would like me to write to just to say it was safely over?”

“You are very good,” she said, colouring.

“Not a bit,” said the Doctor. “As I say, you may not be able to write for a week or so, and the nurses are always busy.” He stood with notebook and pencil.

“And a doctor, of course, has plenty of leisure,” said the girl unsteadily. “Well, I won’t waste more of your time than I must. He has gone to America, if you will be so very good as to write to him.”

“Philip Milner,” repeated the Doctor, and he wrote the address as she dictated.

“He has been out there three months, but I only got his address a week ago,” she went on. “If you could tell him that it went off very quietly and that there was hardly any

pain—something like that, you know for it isn’t any good troubling people, is it?” She had her back to the doctor, but he could see the little grey face in the mirror.

“I quite hope to tell him that,” he said cheerfully.

“And they will tell me what to do when I get to the hospital; I shan’t have to worry about anything?”

“Nothing at all; just keep up a good heart.”

She held out her hand smiling. “I shall see you again on Sunday, but I should like to thank you now. It might have seemed so much worse.”

He took her hand and held it. He said, “I am just going to have some lunch, I wish you would join me. There’ll be nobody but ourselves; it will be quieter and handier than a restaurant. I want you to stop for selfish reasons; I should be wondering all day at odd moments what you had had to eat. It’s a long way out to Forest Gate.”

Nan followed him across the hall; there was a feeling of peace in the house that even the solemn-faced servant man could not disturb. Outside a new strange world awaited her, a lifetime of four days and the black veil of Sunday beyond which there was no seeing. But here was the man who was alone responsible for what might happen, the man who had shattered the old life with a sentence of six words. While she remained with him Nan felt as if the future were more his concern than hers.

Their talk at lunch was not affectedly cheerful, still less was it gloomy. The Doctor told hospital stories; he spoke of the folk she would be likely to meet, and he tried to take away the daunting menace from certain words. When they were alone he turned the conversation into more personal chan-

* By kind permission of the Editor of *The Outlook*, London, England.

nels, asking about Nan's work, about her sister's concerns, and finally about the man whose address he carried in his pocket-book.

"There isn't much to tell," she said shyly. "No, no, it isn't that I mind your asking, only I don't want you to misunderstand."

"He was poor; he is not the sort of man that makes money. We used to make believe we were merely good friends; it wasn't a very successful pretence, but it served, and Phil had a sort of pride in clinging to it even when it was most threadbare." She gave a little laugh and sat thinking.

"He used to say he was treating me very unfairly, but we had each such a different notion of unfairness. I remember when he went away he said he was happy in having no ties, that there were few men who could leave so little behind them. He repeated it over like a lesson; he had a queer, child's fancy that if one said a thing often enough it would come to be true in the end.

"He is not doing very well out there. He doesn't say so, but I am too used to Philip not to understand. I feel glad to think that he cannot hear of this until it is all over. You will not tell him any more than he need know?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Come into the drawing-room," he said. "We will have a cup of coffee together before you go."

He drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and stood looking at her in silence.

"I wish you would drink your coffee," she said at last. "It must be quite cold."

"I was wondering whether you could tell the truth as bravely as you take it?"

"I think so," she said smiling. "I have always been more ready to tell it than I found folk ready to listen."

"Well," he said slowly, "I want you to tell me just what it is you most fear. I spend my time seeing peo-

ple through tight places; you can mostly reckon on their pluck, but you can't reckon on the things they choose to be frightened of."

"I think——" began Nan.

"I want you to look at me; I know fear when I see it."

"If I could only be sure that Sunday were all," she said tremulously, "I shouldn't be frightened of that; indeed it would seem to explain—other things. But to live on disabled, to bear pain that made one each day less one's self, perhaps to turn coward and—and snivel——"

"You have no need to fear that."

"Ah! But how can one tell? One never knows till one is proved."

"You will not be proved," he said gently.

"You think not?" she said, meeting his eye steadily.

"I might say I was sure of it. It is one of two things—the hope of a real recovery, or else——. You've had some hard knocks, but that would be the last of them."

He turned away his head and looked down into the fire. After a while Nan spoke again.

"I shall be able to tell him the whole truth now. I will give you the letter on Sunday to send with yours if it's needed. I want you, in that case (if you wouldn't mind), to speak of me as 'Nan.' It would sound so much less dreary to him than 'Miss Harker'; he would be thinking I had died alone in a strange land. It would trouble him. It is just as you say; one worries so unnecessarily. I used to wonder how I should spend my life waiting; I never thought of anything so simple as this."

She got up from her chair and stood at his elbow. "You are very clever at understanding most things," she said softly, "but I do not think you will ever understand what you have been to me. And I shall have known you just five days on Sunday."



Current Events Abroad.

ALL other events abroad pale in presence of the conflagration that lights up the whole Eastern sky — or, looking at it from our situation, the Western sky. The situation in the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea has changed very little since last month. Japan's great blows were struck in the first few days of the war, and nothing else so important had happened up to the middle of the month. Before this meets the eye of the reader, however, the first clash on land should have taken place. This supposes that Russia chooses to fight at the Yalu river, of which there is now some doubt. The opinion grows that Russia is not ready to fight and that a stand will not be made at the river. Russian power in Manchuria has, it is said, been enormously overestimated, and in order to assemble its might undisturbed by the enemy it will be necessary to fall back on Harbin or even farther.



The drawback to this course is that it will be fatally damaging to Russian prestige throughout the whole East. The damage may be only temporary it is true, but where one's whole power is precariously built up on prestige, every hour that it suffers eclipse multiplies the enemies of the Czar. If a retirement is contemplated it is the worst of policy to delay it until it bears the appearance of a retreat in face of the foe. It has been reported that the veteran General Dragomiroff has counselled the abandonment of Port Arthur. Well, if the main army is to fall back Port Arthur will assuredly be taken, for the Japanese can either throw their whole forces at it or reduce it by starvation. In either case both the

defending force and the fleet would be sacrificed almost in vain. The fleet will be sacrificed in any event, but even the garrison can ill be spared in a case where it costs so much transportation to get a man there. Japan has been advised by friendly critics not to advance too far into Manchuria, and she has been reminded of what happened to Napoleon in his Russian expedition. But is not the analogy wrongly placed? Napoleon retired from Moscow through an unfriendly country and with a remorseless enemy hanging upon his flanks. That would be the position of the Russian army if it were beaten or found itself not strong enough to risk a general engagement. It would be retiring through a country which has been the theatre of a lawless population time out of mind, and which has excellent reasons for hating Russia and the Cossacks who have been her advance guards across Asia.



It is admitted that throughout Manchuria Chinese authority did not exist. It was this fact that gave Russia her excuse for stationing troops in the Province in order to protect the railway she has built there. The reasonableness of the determination to protect her property, in face of the admitted inability of China to do so, has not been denied by any of the Powers who are interested in the Manchurian question. Britain, the United States and Japan have in effect said in their negotiations: "By all means guard your railway by whatever means are necessary to do so, but what we require is that you do not take advantage of this arrangement to deny us free commercial intercourse with the people of Manchuria which we now enjoy." The



RUSSIA: "No fair! I wasn't ready."—St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

publication, soon after the outbreak of war, of the English blue book on the question shows that this assurance could not be wrung from the Russian foreign office. The position that Japan insisted on was that the Russian occupation was only a temporary one, to terminate so soon as China could guarantee the maintenance of order and safety of property in Manchuria. If it should be necessary for the Russian troops to retire along the railway they would find that they had sown the dragon's teeth. Enemies would rise on every hand.

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It may be regarded as premature to anticipate such an experience for Russian arms. At the time of writing no land battle has been fought by which the metal of the Japanese might be tested against a European Power. Those who think that the mettle of the Japanese people has yet to be tested must be quite oblivious to what is going on. The men who are sailing the wintry seas of the Gulf of Pechili, and marching in midwinter through Corea, have left us no room to question their

mettle. When Russians and Japanese meet it will not be a question whether the Japanese are equally courageous, but whether their discipline, their generalship and their numbers are equal or superior. The first arm of the Russian service put to the test has shown itself to be inferior in all three respects. Seldom has any great Power given so humiliating a spectacle as Russia has shown during the past month. Before the war broke out it was calculated that the fleets of the two Powers were on a footing of fair equality, the difference, if any, being in favour of Japan. From the

moment the first blow was struck the Russian fleet has been virtually huddled in behind its land batteries, suffering from the Japanese fire without even the chance of delivering an adequate reply. To keep the battleships and cruisers in harbour under the circumstances may be the part of wisdom, but why a flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers should remain absolutely inactive while a triumphant fleet was in the offing insolently bombarding at any hour of the day or night that pleased it, is the most unexplainable and discreditable thing that has ever stained the annals of a so-called navy. The very work for which the torpedo boat was devised, namely, the defence of coasts and harbours, this egregious covey of skulking "terrors" has neglected. The fact is, that it looks as if the morale of Admiral Alexieff's sea-fighters is at a very low ebb at the outset. If the army is as incompetent and is prepared to play the booby in the same way, we shall see some "doings."

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The only participant in the struggle that has achieved a reputation thus far

is Admiral Togo, the commander of Japan's fleet in the Yellow Sea. This reputation has been enhanced by the modesty that has characterized his official reports. He is the Tromp of Japan, and no man is better entitled to carry the broom at his masthead.



The question as to whether other Powers were likely to be dragged into the quarrel is so far answerable in the negative. France, in this respect, holds destiny in her hand. If she does not feel that her friendship and alliance with Russia compels her to do anything, it is quite unlikely that a third Power will become involved. Germany is accused of playing a Machiavellian part. She is represented as being fussily sympathetic with Russia, the object being to prove that she is a better friend to Russia than some others that might be mentioned who have treaties of alliance. The design is, if possible, to dissolve the Dual Alliance and leave France again isolated in Europe. Some of the British newspapers are urging that assurances should be conveyed to France of a British alliance, which would be a much better guarantee of powerful aid in time of need than the Russian alliance ever has been. However this may be, the feeling between France and Britain at the moment is cordial in the extreme, and is not rendered any less so that it is now disclosed that during the heat created by the Fashoda incident Russia offered to fight if France found it necessary to do so. Delcassé, with commendable firmness, put this tempting offer behind him, and, with a moral courage that put him in the front rank of statesmen, directed M. Marchand to leave Fashoda.



WILL THE SLENDER BOND HOLD?—Boston *Herald*

Since that event, France and England have amicably adjusted their African differences and at present have no international quarrel on hand.



Some remarkable sentiments have appeared in the United States press with regard to the world situation. One influential journal on the Pacific Coast said that if Great Britain became involved with a combination of enemies it would be necessary to repeat what the American Admiral said in the China seas 50 years ago, namely, that blood was thicker than water. The New York *Sun*, a name that is not usually counted among the admirers of the British Empire, in a quite remarkable article declared that in the event of an attack on England by Russia, Germany and France, neither the United States nor Japan could remain impassive spectators "for two reasons," to quote its own words: "first, because the United States and Japan could not hope to withstand the new maritime triple alliance in either the Atlantic or the Pacific; and secondly, because if England were beaten dis-

astutely at sea, she would almost certainly be subjected to invasion. The invasion and conquest of the British isles would mean for the civilized world

irreparable calamity." It would look as if circumstances were irresistibly driving the English-speaking people together.

John A. Ewan

MR. LONGLEY AND THE CHAMBERLAIN MOVEMENT

By LEWIS HUNT, Sheffield, England

 N the article "Canada and the Chamberlain Movement," published in the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, the Hon. J. W. Longley expresses an opinion which no doubt will afford some pleasure to the more rabid opponents of Mr. Chamberlain in Great Britain, who are most eager to get hold of any point that seems to show that the Colonies are indifferent to his proposed fiscal reform, but the opinion of Mr. Longley will fail to carry weight with the unprejudiced, because in reviewing some aspects of the subject he seems to ignore the fact that Canada is part and parcel of the great Commonwealth. It must be always remembered that the interest of one part of the Empire is the interest of the whole.

The very reason of Mr. Chamberlain's policy is, that a reciprocity of preferential tariff mutually profitable from a commercial point of view, will necessarily connect the Colonies into a closer union with the Mother Country. Mr. Longley would seem to argue that the chief concern of each Colony is to determine what is good for itself. Such a policy of isolation might suit the ideas of twenty years ago, but now that an enlightened imperial spirit is moving men's minds, we must look beyond our own narrow sphere for a broader and deeper policy.

In the proposed grand federation of these nations, united by a well-ordered and mutually advantageous fiscal policy, Mr. Longley apparently hesitates through timidity to Canada becoming a link. Certainly it would be the concern, not only of Canada, but of each Colony, to determine its own interests, and it is quite conceivable that the

strength and power of the whole would depend upon the successful condition of each part. Mr. Longley thinks that Canada's interests are vastly overestimated by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

Without in any way jeopardising the manufacturing industries of Canada, the scheme provides, by a preference in her favour, the best market in the world for her wheat. This would fully reciprocate the preference Canada already allows upon the import of English manufactures. Canadians require, above everything else, an advantageous market for the products of their vast wheat fields. How can Mr. Longley or any one else overestimate the value to his Colony of a preference upon this great natural industry. The manufacturing interest being protected by tariff, and a certain market provided for her vast food supplies, the wealth of Canada is absolutely secured.

Mr. Longley seems very suspicious that a scheme of Imperial fiscal union would mean a proposal for Canada to contribute to the support of the army and navy of the Empire. Such a proposal has never been included, or even hinted at, in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

If in time Canada becomes a conspicuous part of the Empire, I doubt not but she would willingly share its burdens as well as participate in its glories. I certainly think with Mr. Longley that fiscal legislation is a matter of expediency, controlled by conditions of the hour, and it certainly seems that the time is now ripe to create a policy that would regulate our trade to the greater advantage of Great Britain and her Colonies, and at the same time define more clearly their future political relations to each other.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

• • • • •
The Woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

• • • • •
O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

• • • • •
For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

—TENNYSON.

WHEN the National Council of Women of Canada was founded a decade ago, there was much questioning as to the necessity for, or even advisability of, having such an organization in Canada, and many doubts were expressed as to its possible usefulness. Very few years have passed and already the Council has not only justified its existence, but has proved beyond dispute that the work which it has done and is doing is work which, despite the crying need for it, would otherwise yet be undone.

All that the Council has accomplished and is accomplishing should be familiar to every earnest-minded Canadian; yet, perhaps because the members of the Council, believing that "actions speak louder than words," are not given to crying their achievements in the market place, and because much of their work is done quietly in shadowy places, one sometimes hears still the old question: "But of what use is the Council anyway? What does it do?"

I wish I could put into the hands of every such interrogator the last number of "Women Workers of Canada," the Year Book of the National Council, containing their tenth annual report.

No thinking woman—or man either, for that matter—can peruse the pages of this little book without being amazed at the Council's courageous efforts towards making an ever fairer, better, purer, nobler country of this Canada of ours.

Not alone for the amelioration of various hard conditions under which many women must earn their daily bread, not alone for the forlorn, the forsaken, the hopeless and helpless of their own sex, or for the uncared for and ill-cared for children do they labour; but, through their interest in Prison Reform, Prison Gate Missions and Aid to Released Prisoners, in hospitals and lumber camps, and in their fight against pernicious literature and all that is impure and degrading, they are striving to open to the male unfortunates of their country a clear,

straight path to honourable citizenship.

Besides the nine nationally organized associations affiliated in the National Council, societies of all kinds, devoted to art, education, religion, church work, rescue work, manual training, etc., are affiliated with the different local councils throughout the Dominion, and standing committees have been appointed by the Council to deal with the following subjects: Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Objectionable Printed Matter, Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Finance, Immigration, Press, Bureau of Information, Publication, Domestic Science and Manual Training, Agriculture for Women, Promotion of the Industrial and Fine Arts (including Music) in Canada, Women on School Boards, Vacation Schools and Supervised Play Grounds, Promotion of a Uniform Standard of Education and of Dominion Registration for Teachers, International Committee, Circulation of Council Literature, Committee on Constitution.

The reports of all these committees are full of interest and worthy the most careful consideration. Perhaps that of most general feminine interest is that of the convenor of the Committee on Immigration. The Woman's National Immigration Society and the British Women's Emigration Association are working together, the latter sending out to the colonies not only women suitable for training in domestic service, but housekeepers, lady helpers, etc.

"It is to be hoped," writes Miss Laidlaw, "that the immigration of Irish girls to New York, which has recently reached the number of 8,000 in a short space of time, may be deflected to Canada. While our Empire is in need of honourable, upright colonists, means should be taken to secure them. We understand that there is a surplus of such in Ulster, and would suggest that the British Women's Emigration Association should extend its work in this direction."

The concluding paragraphs of the report merit special attention:

"Your convenor would like to suggest one or two points for your consideration. The question of the Immigration of Women and the Domestic Service Problem are so interwoven that they must be considered together. It has been demonstrated by all these local reports that the need is far greater than the supply.

"Why do we rely wholly on help from without, when we hear of the Province of Prince Edward Island losing a large surplus of young men and women to the Eastern States? Why is not the need and promise of our Western Provinces made plain to these young people? Sweden strongly objects to losing a similar though better-trained class, realizing that strength ebbs from the nation with it, and we should be even more wide-awake than they.

"Why should not more Training Schools for Household Work be established, where immigrants as well as Canadians could be taught on practical lines suitable to the country?

"And why do we not resolutely face the fact that the girls of our own country may and must be made to realize that there is no possible degradation in the faithful doing of the honourable duties that must be performed in the household, if that is to make a home? The Schools of Domestic Science and Manual Training will surely raise up a generation which realizes the joy of honest work for honest work's sake, and which will put aside the silly idea that there is more freedom in the wearing counter and factory work than in a comfortable home, where there are hours of leisure for reading and needlework."

I would earnestly commend to the attention of every Canadian, "Women Workers of Canada," copies of which can be obtained from the National Secretary of the Council in Toronto, or through members of any Local Council. No woman can read it carefully without being impressed with a deeper sense of her own responsibility as a woman and a citizen.

Many are the stories that come to us, demonstrating the charming and gracious manners of our Royal Princesses. Here is the latest one, which is told by M.A.P. and has for its central figure the Duchess of Fife:

"A young man, invited one afternoon to tea in Portman Square, forgot to put the card of invitation in his pocket, and, vaguely remembering that the house where his hostess lived was one of the teens, told the cabman to drive to No. 15.

"The young man rang the bell, a man-

servant ushered him into the hall, took his hat and stick and invited him upstairs.

"The drawing-room door was thrown open, his name announced in stentorian tones, and the Duchess of Fife rose from the sofa where she had been sitting with her mother and two sisters, and came towards him.

"The poor young man, realizing at once his awful mistake, apologized as best he could for the intrusion and made for the door.

"But the Duchess charmingly protested that he must stay and have tea and be introduced to the rest of the party.

"I never spent a more delightful time in my life," remarked the young man afterwards to a friend, "and I'm going to tea at No. 15 again next week—by special invitation of the Duchess."

In these progressive days when Health Foods of every imaginable name and every possible pretension to fame flood the market, very special arts are required on the part of manufacturers to keep their own special "fodder" not only before the public eye, but flowing into the public mouth. No matter how popular "Lord Ust" may be to day, if it is not to be supplanted to-morrow by "Uneeda Balahai" or "Huskaubran," those interested in its sale must be ever on the alert, and many and wonderful are the methods employed to keep each food afloat on the crest of the uncertain wave of popular favour.

One of the newest and most ingenious forms of advertising is that recently adopted by a well-known United States manufacturer of a certain healthful product that at present figures on every well-regulated breakfast or luncheon table. Just why it should need further exploiting is rather difficult to imagine, for one had supposed it to be already a household word, but perhaps its canny manufacturer is aware that the success of to-day is not always the success of to-morrow, and so is



LADY DURAND

Wife of the British Ambassador at Washington

PHOTO BY WALDON FAWCETT

conducting his present educational campaign with an eye to future competitors.

The campaign is being carried on by a series of what are called "Demonstration Parties," and in some of our cities these Demonstration Teas and Luncheons are just now the most popular forms of dispensing hospitality. To the jaded hostess they offer two features as attractive as they are rare in most social entertainments—novelty and economy; and, since at these affairs one is never tempted to any over-indulgence of the appetite, they are admirably adapted for the Lenten season. Perhaps this is another reason for their present vogue.

The hostess chooses her menu—with limitations—and provides a maid or two, and the guests. How simple!

The advertiser furnishes the "eatables," including a chafing-dish and a liberal supply of his Health product, and two charming young lady "Demonstrators," who prepare the refreshments in the eyes of the company, explaining as they work, and drawing attention to the exquisite flavour—which might otherwise have escaped the notice of the guests—imparted by the introduction of the Health Food into every dish, and dwelling upon the digestible and nutritious qualities contained in even an oyster patty when made according to Health Rules and with Health Food trimmings.

The Demonstrator prepares in a chafing-dish, very daintily and deftly, enough scalloped oysters, scrambled eggs or creamed chicken for two or three people, and if the luncheon party be a large one this supply is supplemented by a larger quantity which has been prepared in the kitchen by—one supposes—other hands, unseen and unknown. But then one does not go to a Demonstration Tea or a Demonstration Luncheon to sit on a wooden chair before a common range and view an exhibition of ordinary every-day cookery. One puts on one's prettiest yabot and pleasantest smile to sit in a comfortable leather dining-chair or in an easy upholstered drawing-room divan, from the depths of which, in a soothing atmosphere of softly-shaded lights and delicate evanescent perfumes, one gazes admiringly at a pretty "Demonstrator" in a little frilled muslin apron and fetching cap. She, as she bends over her steaming chafing-dish, daintily spooning scraps of Health Food about in it with her own special little "spatula," is certainly a very attractive picture. The courses are, as a rule, short and small, so that one has plenty of time in the intervals of the demonstration to chat learnedly about it all with one's immediate neighbours, lamenting the peril which one is pained to find lurks in the most innocent-looking every-day article of diet.

Lady Durand, the wife of the new British Ambassador to the United

States, is a particularly charming woman, who is greatly admired in her own country.

The *Hourglass*, in speaking of her, says:

"It was in 1875, two years after Sir Mortimer had entered the Bengal Civil Service, that Miss Ella Rebe Sandys became Lady Durand. She has one son, a lieutenant in the Ninth Lancers, who was wounded in the relief of Kimberley, during the Transvaal War, and one daughter, Josephine, a charming girl about twenty, who accompanied her mother to their new home at Washington. Being the wife of a diplomatist who has been in many tight places and has had to straighten out many tangles, Lady Durand has naturally known times of extreme anxiety. Her husband, going to the Eastern Empire on the eve of a great crisis, soon won recognition for his powers as a diplomatist, and was transferred to the political department."

Woman suffrage advocates have just met in annual convention for the thirty-sixth time, says *Public Opinion* of New York. Each year progress of the movement is reported to these conventions and formal demand renewed that women shall be put on an equal footing with men in regard to the right of franchise. Whether women are actually nearer political equality with men than they were when the woman suffrage movement was launched in 1848, is an open question. The most its advocates can show is that suffrage has been conferred upon them here and there, generally in attenuated form. But at least they have earned their right or privilege to be heard. Miss Anthony and her associated suffragists are no longer caricatured, reviled, and ridiculed as they were a few years ago, and the respectful hearing they now obtain probably means that eventually the polling booth will be opened to them.

The following unique sign stands outside a curiosity shop in Falmouth:

"Ellen Jones sells here
Lemonade and Ginger Beer,
Cowheels and tripe every Friday,
Secondhand cloes to make ee tidy,
Crox and kettles, pans and all,
And godly bokes to save your sole,
Man-traps, gins, and pattens likewise,
And on Saturday night hot mutton pies."

M. MacL. H.

•PEOPLE• AND AFFAIRS.

NATIONAL STRENGTH

 GOTISM and complacency are not easily distinguished from confidence and self-reliance. Canada may learn the difference at the present moment by studying the difference between Russia and Japan. Russia represents egotism and complacency, Japan confidence and self-reliance. Russia is a despotism with all the weaknesses of that form of government—incompetency in public service, favourites in high places, lack of administrative system suited to modern conditions, huge public debt, oppression, ignorance. Japan has all these weaknesses no doubt, but she has reduced them to such small proportions that they are not to be considered beside the great virtues which she has struggled to acquire.

Canada may learn the lesson. This country needs a fresh baptism of national spirit. We are somewhat egotistic and complacent. We imagine we know much more than we do. We have no national literature, no national library, no national museum, no national art gallery, no national navy, no army that is worth mentioning, comparatively few public men without eye-lid weakness. There are the beginnings of all these things—but they are only beginnings. Our sons should go abroad more than they do to obtain inspiration, knowledge and breadth of view. Our statesmen should think less of political patronage and more of national progress. Let us emulate Japan, rather than Russia; better still, let us seek for the good points in the governments and national systems of the world and adapt them to Canadian needs.

Canada has made some advances, yet the progress is not quite satisfactory. There is much to be done in commercial, administrative, educational and general development if this country is to rank among the great nations of the world. Selfishness, servileness, unscrupulousness are monsters whose ugly heads hover near the surface of our civilization.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH

Professor Goldwin Smith and Senator Wark, two of the oldest and best preserved of our citizens, have been telling us how to live. It seems summed up in the ancient advice, retire early and eat plain food. Senator Wark believes in porridge, meat, bread and tea, but refuses to countenance pie or pudding. Professor Smith's verdict is about the same, but he does not pronounce so strongly against delicacies, although he agrees that they must be taken in moderation.

It is not every one who desires to be old. There are some men who prefer to crowd their pleasures into a few, fierce years of fast living and strenuous existence. They are prepared to abuse their bodies and their minds if only they can get a vast amount of "pleasure" out of eating, drinking and other sensuous enjoyments. There are some men who are prepared to make the same sacrifices for power and wealth. They will rise early and retire late; they will eat and drink irregularly and inconsiderately; they will work fiercely and immoderately if only they may acquire a cabinet position or "a million" without any unnecessary delay. Both these classes know that their hard living and their fierce existence



VISCOUNT HAYASHI

The Japanese Minister to the Court of Great Britain



COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND

Who is in command of the British Expedition into Tibet

will shorten their lives, but they profess not to fear such a result.

There is a larger class which suffers through ignorance. This includes those who never draw a deep breath, who avoid fresh air, and finally become tubercular victims. There are those who are too lazy to walk or indulge in physical exercise and finally are disposed of with kidney trouble. There are those who do not know the meaning of the words "deny thyself" in relation to eating and drinking, and finally become dyspeptics or drunkards.

How to live is a great problem, but there is no doubt that it takes several generations of self-denial to produce a man strong constitutionally, mentally and spiritually. It is rather difficult to ask people to live well in order that their great-grandchildren may be nearly perfect men and women, but it seems necessary. Self-denial! Self-denial! Self-denial! must be the cry of the race that wishes its progeny to be great. During the past few years it has been the cry of the Japanese, and their sons have now stepped out

into the arena to show the world what self-denial means.

If Canadians are to be physically strong there are some reforms to be effected. They must eat less pastry, they must breathe more fresh air, they must encourage still more athletic sports and physical culture, they must realize that the reckless pursuit of "the dollar" is not a reasonable ambition for either an individual or a nation, but that strong bodies and sound minds are the marks of a vigorous race.



TREE PRODUCTION

Nothing illustrates the folly of most of our wisdom than the relation of Canadians to Canada's trees. For years the people of Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces have been dreadfully busy cutting down the bush, sometimes turning it into timber or lumber, sometimes into ashes. Now, they are coming to realize that the wholesale destruction of bush is a most foolish and nefarious business, that trees like fruit should be picked only

when ripe, that bushland may be as profitable as wheat land or grazing land.

The other day the Minister of Agriculture for Ontario arose in his place in the Legislature and informed the members of that body that some of the land which has been cleared would be producing greater profits if that labour had not been bestowed upon it. The thing to do under the circumstances is to reforest those lands which are not suitable for the production of grain or grass. A small area has been set apart at the Agricultural College Farm, where young trees suitable for planting on these lands will be grown. In another three years a distribution of these young trees will commence, so that those who desire to reforest will be able to do so. Then Ontario will once more become the home of the maple, the elm, the basswood, the hemlock and the cedar. But the destruction caused in a generation cannot be offset within a century. This is the sad view of it.

The importance of tree-planting and forest preservation is set forth in a paper in this issue by Mr. E. Stewart, a man to whom much credit is due in connection with the reforms which are now being inaugurated in Canada's forest policy.

At the recent meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association in Toronto, Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, of Quebec, told how for seventy years his family had been deriving a large cash income from a bushland estate. This was accomplished by taking care that ripe trees only were selected for cutting, and that no damage was done to the young and growing trees. Cultivated in this way, the annual product had steadily grown in value, and yet the timber on the estate was almost as great in quantity as it was when the process of cutting was first commenced.



AUSTRALIAN WHEAT

It should not be forgotten that Australia produces wheat. The estimates of this year's crop, which is marketed in December and January, gives a total yield of 73 million bushels, of



THE HON. JOHN DRYDEN
Minister of Agriculture for Ontario

which 50 million will be available for export. This is greater than the Canadian surplus for export, although Australia is a smaller colony. Canada is doing very well, and might do somewhat better if colonial wheat had a preference in the British market; but it must not be forgotten that Australia is and will always be a strong competitor in that market. Africa is producing wheat, but not enough for her own purposes. India produces over 200 million bushels a year, and exports a great deal. Even under preferential trade, Canada must expect keen competition in the British market. This emphasizes the importance of cheap transportation.

If Canada is to compete successfully with India and Australia, she must have cheap railway rates to the seaboard and cheap steamship rates to Liverpool. The latter can be obtained by encouraging the importation of British goods, so as to create large cargoes for the return trips from Liverpool to Canada.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

A NEW BRITISH HISTORY

IN comparing a history of the British nation written by a resident of England and a similar history written by a colonial, one would expect the points-of-view of the authors to show a marked divergence. The view of a London or Oxford scholar could not possibly be the same as that of a resident of Toronto, Montreal, Melbourne, or Sydney. Or, at least, a similarity of view would be remarkable.

Professor Wrong has written a history of the British nation for Canada. There would be no necessity of his doing this if Canadians could secure a satisfactory history written by some one in Great Britain, even though we

Canadians are British. But a textbook written for English schools would not likely be satisfactory for Canadian or Australian, or South African schools, because we look upon the Empire through different spectacles. The Englishman would vaunt the ancient glory of England, how she has gathered Scotland and Ireland into her fold, and planted her flag on every continent and on the isles of the sea. He would extol the Mother of Nations—and justly so. The colonial historian, on the other hand, would aim to show how our civilization commenced in England, was developed there, and then transplanted to a new continent. This is the justification for Professor Wrong's attempt to write a history of the British nation for Canadian schools. His knowledge of history is broad and deep, and if any Canadian were to be selected to write such a work as this, there is no man in this country who is presumably better fitted for the task. The result is to some extent what might be expected—a sympathetic, yet critical, *résumé* of the leading events in British history, done in admirable spirit and judgment, with due attention to the social development which his predecessors have omitted to consider.

But passing by the general features of the work, and coming to that part which most concerns Canadians, we may ask, "What is the Professor's attitude towards the outlying portions of the Empire?" This feature of the volume is disappointing. The Professor lectures at the University of Toronto, and devotes *one or two* lectures each year to Canadian history, and the remainder of his lectures to European history. He is not an enthusiastic colonial, though he was born and bred here. For example :



A. G. BRADLEY

Author of "Wolfe," "Sketches from Old Virginia," etc., whose "Fight for North America" is now running in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

"Britain has done what Rome failed to do: from her come our notions of constitutional liberty and representative Government, and she has planted great daughter states and trained them in the same principles." (P. 1.)

This is a misleading sentence. Did Great Britain teach the United States that representation must accompany taxation, or did the United States teach Great Britain? Did Baldwin and Papineau and Nelson fight for self-government in Canada, or was their agitation due to the anxiety of England to thrust responsible Government upon this colony? She "trained them in the same principles," says Professor Wrong; but another might say, "they taught her liberality in Government and broadmindedness in administration." Even Professor Wrong himself remarks on p. 568:

"Though for a few years still the governors seemed to think themselves responsible to a British Colonial Minister rather than to the Canadian Parliament, before 1850 Canada had won for herself, and, as it proved, for all the greater British colonies, the complete self-government which makes them practically independent states."

In speaking of the Peace of Versailles of 1783, the Professor states that "with some difficulty Britain saved Canada and Nova Scotia in North America." She had no difficulty in saving that part of North America which she did keep, and she did not save *all* of Canada. She saved only that portion of Canada that the ex-colonists of the United States had not the heart to ask for.

Again, take the article on "Penny Postage." It says nothing whatever about the improvements in the postal system since 1840—and yet it is part of a chapter entitled "Social Changes in the Nineteenth Century!" Not a word of the use of stamps, not a word about Imperial postage and the reforms which Sir William Mulock and other colonials forced upon the British authorities.

His chapter on "The Growth of the

*The British Nation: By George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 616 pages.



WILLIAM J. FISCHER

A new Canadian poet whose first volume has just been issued.

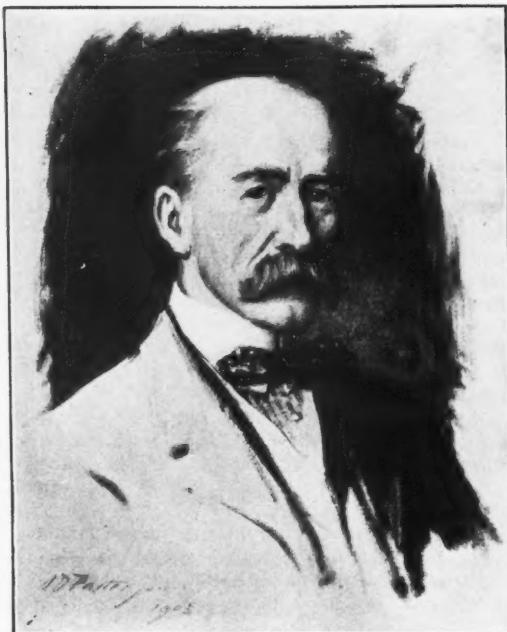
British Dominions" occupies only twenty pages, or less than five per cent. of the volume, and is remarkable for its lack of enthusiasm and the absence of a sweeping survey such as would inspire a youthful reader. He states that "Canada's main interest is still agricultural;" but might reasonably have embodied the following table:

EXPORTS, 1902 *

Products of the mines	\$35,000,000
" " fisheries	14,000,000
" " forest	5,000,000
Animals and their produce	59,000,000
Agricultural products	37,000,000
Manufactures	46,000,000
Total	\$196,000,000

The opinion of the writer, given humbly, is that Professor Wrong has gone a long way towards giving Canadian schools a better text-book, but that his lack of enthusiasm for the colonies and colonial genius has led him to minimize the influence they have had in the building of the Empire, in the development of its trade,

*Statistical Year Book of Canada, 1902, pp. 257, 258.



W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Blood Lilies," etc., the leading Canadian short-story writer. From a sketch in oils by Dickson Patterson.

in supplying it with fresh inspiration and enthusiasm, and in checking the stagnation and conservatism which are always at the threshold of an ancient civilization. The book is well printed, well illustrated, and contains remarkably few typographical errors.

SINS AGAINST THE CHILD*

THERE are several varieties of sins, and perhaps the worst of sins are those committed in the name of religion. I know a man who was once a boy in a Methodist family in a small country town, whose parents would not let him read novels or go to see a horse race, circus or play. The consequence was that the boy read dime novels on the sly, stole under the fence to see

*By Helen R. Martin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

the horse races, sold old iron to get enough money to see the circus, and stole enough money to go to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From reading "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," one would gather that among the Pennsylvania Dutch were stricter parents than the Ontario Methodists. Jacob Getz was known even among those frugal people as "wonderful near"; he put money in the bank and let his children go in rags, prohibited all story-book reading and told his children to leave their books in school. "When you're home you'll work for your wittles." He believed in unceasing labour and in total abstinence from all amusement and self-indulgence. Yet he performed his parental duties religiously and in the name of the Creator.

Tillie, his eldest daughter, despite his care, read stories by the light of a candle which, when not in use, was kept under the mattress. One night she was caught, and a copy of "Ivanhoe" loaned her by the teacher went into the fire, while Tillie received a liberal application of the religious strap from her conscientious "pop." On another occasion her father found her with "The Last Days of Pompeii." He asked her for the name of the book, and she repeated the title. "Well," he exclaimed, "this here's the last hour of this here 'Pump-eye.' In the stove she 'goes!'"

The teacher offered to take Tillie into town with her and educate her, letting her come out to work on the farm in the summer. Her pop answered:

"Yes, and she 'd come that spoilt we couldn't get no work out of her. No, if I hire her out winters, it 'll be where I kin draw her wages myself—where's [which is] my right as her parent. What does a body have

children fur? To get no use out of 'em? It ain't no good your plaguin' me. I ain't leavin' her go."

Tillie did not go to town, but continued a drudge on the farm. When about fourteen years of age, she became imbued with religious fervour and "turned plain," became a Mennonite and adopted the plain dress of the sect. It was a great struggle with her father who was an Evangelical, but her persistence and his superstition broke down his parental authority. This was but the beginning of the undoing of Jacob Getz and the making of Tillie. Her life story is well told by Helen R. Martin and is well worth the reading. It has a lesson, many lessons in fact, besides its humorous and dramatic excellences. Tillie twines herself round the heart, and perhaps her story will soften the pillows of other Tillies struggling against ignorance, superstition and distorted religious faiths in their parents, guardians and spiritual leaders.

ILLUSTRATED CRITIQUES

SOME months ago, a thin, illustrated quarto volume on Thomas Carlyle was mentioned in this department. Two more, of what apparently is to be a series, have appeared. These deal with Tennyson and Browning. Each book contains about forty pages and about thirty illustrations. The Tennyson volume contains ten different portraits of Tennyson, a bust and a medallion, besides numerous illustrations of his birthplace, scenes among which he spent his dreaming days, and notable illustrations made for his poems. Of the latter, the most notable are Gustave Doré's "Elaine" and "Guinevere." The illustrations in the Browning volume show that he knew less of rural England than Tennyson, and more of city life. Then they bring home to us vividly the fact that Italian scenery and Italian characters profoundly affected his verse. The text of the Tennyson volume is by G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Garnett, and that of the Browning by James Douglas.



SARA JEANETTE COTES

The Canadian writer, whose new novel "The Imperialist" will shortly be issued in book form.

There is no attempt at exhaustive criticism, hence these volumes are suitable for the library of the average citizen.*

AN IRISH NOVEL

THERE are not many Irish novels troubling the modern book market, although that country of religious and political controversy ought reasonably to supply a few dramas, tragedies and romances each year. "The Real Charlotte"† is one, however, and even it is not altogether new. It was first issued in three volumes in 1894, and then in one volume in 1895; it was again reprinted by a new publisher in 1900, another edition in 1901, and a third in 1903. Finally it has fallen into the last channel for public favour, a colonial edition, and thus it comes to Canada. Messrs. Somerville & Ross write entertaining books, and

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 40 pp. 75 cents each.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 364 pp.

know their Irish people thoroughly. They have also written "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," "An Irish Cousin," "All On the Irish Shore," and "The Silver Fox." Besides, Mr. Somerville is an M.F.H., and has illustrated Slipper's "A, B, C of Fox Hunting."

A NEW POET

A NEW Canadian poet has burst upon the horizon, not with dazzling rays, but with the gray beams of promise. William J. Fischer's little volume, "Songs by the Wayside"*, contains no insistent note. There is hope such as might be expected from a young man on the sunny side of life's expanse, pity which indicates a depth of human tenderness, piety which marks out the true Roman Catholic, and a love of nature such as most Canadian poets possess. The first poem indicates to a considerable extent the pious hope and religious outlook which is the keynote to most of the hundred short poems which the volume contains:

BY THE WAYSIDE

Look up and the skies are cheerful!
Look down and the dim shadows fall
About life's way
In the heat of day
When there's sunshine above for all!

Our lives are just what we make them,
In the struggle and sweat of years;
The world so bright—
In misfortune's light—
We spectacle only through tears.

There are loud intonings many,
From Niagaras of deep despair,
But sorrows grow dumb
And feelings numb
In the peaceful valleys of Prayer.

NOTES

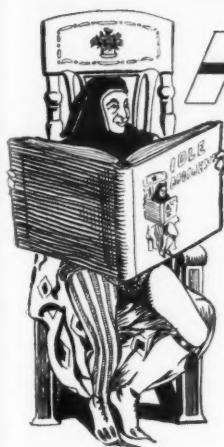
The latest book from the pen of A. G. Doughty is entitled "The Citadel and the Fortifications of Quebec," with naval and military notes by Major William Wood. It is issued in a limited edition, small quarto, boards, at \$6.00. The chief features are a photographic reproduction of the original MS. plan

*Boston: Richard G. Badger. Cloth, 85 pp.

of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham bearing the signature of Major MacKellar, Engineer-in-Chief under Wolfe, and the MS. plan of Quebec used by Wolfe. A two-volume edition of "Quebec Under Two Flags," by Messrs. Doughty and Dionne, with fifty-four plates is also being issued. These books may be ordered through the Quebec News Co.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. A. G. Bradley is probably the first published in Canada, although Mr. Bradley is well known to many Canadians who met him during his visits to this country. His latest book "Canada in the Twentieth Century" is a delightfully written description, but of particular interest to travellers, business men and intending settlers of Great Britain for whom it was penned. This volume proves beyond a doubt that Mr. Bradley believes in Canada and her possibilities. The title is somewhat unfortunate, because it really should be "Canada at the Opening of the Twentieth Century." Mr. Bradley's "Wolfe" is perhaps the best known of his books, although "The Fight with France for North America," now running serially in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, should eventually be even more popular. His home is at Ecton, Northants, in England, but he has spent much time in America. This portrait was taken several years ago, but is a remarkably good likeness.

Sara Jeanette Cotes, as she now signs herself, has contributed a novel to the literature of present-day politics. This is entitled "The Imperialist," and represents the career of a young Canadian lawyer who goes to England as secretary of a commission, meets Wallingham (Mr. Chamberlain), is enamoured of Imperialism and comes back to Canada to advocate it in season and out. This is a huge undertaking for any author, especially a woman, and if the reader finds difficulty in seeing clearly what Mrs. Cotes is trying to say, he will kindly remember that a woman attempting politics must be judged leniently.



IDLE MOMENTS

AT ONE PERIOD

Binnick—Do you believe in infant damnation?

Cynic—Not if they die, but I do while they are in the process of growing up.

R.K.

EXPLAINED

Jack—Fitzsimmons has a wonderful reach.

Tom—Yes; his early life must have been spent almost entirely in boarding houses.

R.K.

TRouble

The world is full of trouble,
The air is full of fuss—
The wranglin' bubblebubble
Is something marvellous.
Away in dear old London
The Cabinet's upset,
And all that isn't undone
Is to be tangled yet.

Bulgarians are scrapping,
Because they may not shoot;
The Turk will not go napping,
For fear they revolute.
Tsi Ann is in a tremble
Because of dread reform.
She says those who disseminate
Will find life pretty warm.

Manchuria is gobble—
Or wonders if she is—
The arch of peace has wabbled
And things begin to whiz;
The truculent Mikado
Is scowling at the Czar,
And hints at a tornado
Of wreck and wrath and war.

And Castro and the Kaiser
Are interchanging bluffs—
Each is his own adviser
And gets in endless huffs.
The Shipping Trust—a scandal
Or something of the kind—

FROM THE PERSIAN

ACERTAIN Khan had three wives. One was a Liar, one a Thief, and one a Mischief-Maker. They troubled him greatly, but although he tried to correct them, they grew worse each day. He did not wish to kill them, nor to divorce them. He only sought to correct them and cure them of their failings. But this he failed to do.

One day a Wise Man came to the Khan, and said:

"I know that thou art troubled by thy wives, but if thou wilt give them into my charge for a time, in less than three months they shall be cured of their failings."

The Khan agreed, and the Wise Man became the custodian of the three wives.

The Wise Man at once began his treatment. He treated the Lying woman by lying to her continually. The Thief he treated by daily robbing her of her clothes and jewellery. The Sower of Discord he incited to mischief.

In a short time the Thief and the Liar were reformed, but the Wise Man could find no remedy for the Mischief-Maker, and so he drowned her in the sea.—*Vanity Fair*.

CUPID IN ENGLAND



THE ENGLISH GIRL

DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS

ENGLISH HE—"Has he not given you my message?"

ENGLISH SHE—"He has contracted such a horrid American accent I can't listen to him now." —*The Queen*

Has grown too hot to handle
Or settle in one's mind.

The women's clubs are scolding;
The town is full of "graft";
Each day sees the unfolding
Of tricks where some one's gaffed;
The good and bad detectives
Are giving things away
And charges and invectives
Increase from day to day.

The world is full of trouble;
North, south and east and west.
Each day the troubles double,
And none gets any rest.
There must be a bacillus
That started this somehow—
A germ or germs that fill us
With wrangle, rage and row.

—W. D. Nesbit, in *Chicago Tribune*.

THE EPIDEMIC

Lady met a brigand,
Captive she was took;
People raised a ransom—
Goin' to write a book.

Love-sick girl got jilted,
Sought a distant nook,
Brooded on her troubles—
Goin' to write a book.

Man, he thought he'd travel,
Took a flying look
At some foreign countries—
Goin' to write a book.

Fellow took a fancy
To be turning crook;
Trampin' didn't pay him—
Goin' to write a book.

Millionaire and pauper,
Valet, maid, and cook,
Everybody's goin' it—
Goin' to write a book.

—*Washington Star*.

HER WAY

Children have their own ways of learning things, wonderful ways, past our finding out. They are observant and alert. Their methods of arriving at conclusions are subtly wise. As an instance, there is in this city a dear little woman of five summers who is her father's warm lover and admirer. So far as she is concerned he is the only man in the world. On the walls of their home hangs the picture of a group of students; her father among them. Below is given the name of each member of the group. One day she proudly announced that she could point out papa's name, and did it. "Who showed you?" asked papa. "Nobody; I found it all by myself." "But you can't read; how did you find out that it was my name?" "Why," with a happy little laugh, "I put my finger on your face—so, and then I made it go straight, and it ledged right to this name, so I knew it was your name, you see."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



PHOTOS OF LIVE ANIMALS

THE great interest now taken in all forms of animal life and the quickness of the small cameras have been combined to give the public splendid pictures of birds and other animals as they really are. Up to recent years all such pictures were drawings and, while fairly accurate, were not wholly so. Such photographs as were given were of domestic animals or of those in captivity.

To get pictures of nature's children which will reveal their intimate ways, the photographer must get close to their homes. This is a difficult task. The behaviour of nearly all wild creatures is one thing when they know they are being watched, and quite another when they are not aware of the fact. Under the first condition suspicion and anxiety are written large in every action, whereas, under the second, confidence and peace of mind illuminate each movement and expression. The naturalist therefore transforms himself into a graminivorous animal, a rock, a tree, or other equally innoxious animal or object and gains the secret which he desires.

In his efforts to obtain photographs of some of the shyest birds, an English author resorted to the most ingenious de-

vices, one of which was an imitation ox made of a bullock skin stretched over a wicker frame. Concealed in this with his camera, the lens of which peeped out of a hole in the chest, the naturalist-photographer took observations and obtained some excellent pictures. An artificial sheep also proved of great service when studying birds of the moors and mountains, its realistic appearance never failing to deceive, and making it a useful hiding place. A reversible jacket and cap, dead green-



A PICTURE OF R. KEARTON, F.Z.S.
Author of "Wild Nature's Ways," carrying his imitation ox, concealed within which he has made unique photographs. 5



MOVING A SPAN OF THE FRASER RIVER BRIDGE

The spans of this bridge have been built on false work supported by temporary piles. But under the main span, 380 feet long, the water is too deep even on the 100 foot piles used. So this span was built in another place; then lifted bodily on four scows, towed clear of the piers and drawn into its permanent position. This cut shows the span being lowered into position.

brown on the one side, and living field-green on the other, and a wooden mask made of a hollow ash-stub were also invaluable items of his equipment.

A GREAT BRIDGE

The Province of British Columbia has undertaken to build, and has built, a great bridge over the Fraser River in order to allow of direct railway communication between Vancouver and New Westminster with the district south of these two cities and with the railway lines of Washington Territory. The *Vancouver Province* declares that "this structure was not needed until the Province had a population twenty times as great as it now possesses and it represents to-day simply the folly of past administrations." On the other hand the Christmas number of the *New Westminster Columbian* states "it is now but a matter of a few weeks until the north and south banks of the Fraser will be united by a railway and general traffic bridge at New Westminster City, and we will be on the

trunk line of the American and Canadian railway systems." Great Northern trains will then cross the river into New Westminster and then go north to Vancouver, a few miles away. There are thirteen spans, five 160 feet long, one 225 feet, one 380 feet and a swing span 361 feet.

A very interesting detail of the work is depicted in the accompanying illustration. The section to span the deep water between piers 3 and 4 had been built on false work where the long swing span is to operate, and on the morning of November 11th this span, which alone weighs 788 tons, was lifted by the action of the tide and floated to its destined position on four large scows, the whole moving being accomplished without a hitch within an hour.

The bridge proper, for all it is so long, and high and strong, will weigh just 3,600 tons; five small spans weigh 175 tons each, the swing span 641 tons, the one recently floated into position 788 tons, and the spread span yet to be similarly placed, 861 tons, and other small sections 500 or 600 tons.



JOURNALISTIC TRUST

HE announcement comes from St. John, New Brunswick, that a new daily paper will shortly be issued there. Why? The explanation is illuminating. There are now two excellent morning papers in St. John, *The Sun* and *The Telegraph*, each of which has an evening edition; there are also two other evening papers, both well-known and popular, *The Globe* and *The Gazette*. Thus, with six daily papers, the city of St. John is well served, much better served than either Montreal or Toronto, population considered.

Now of these papers, *The Globe* and *The Telegraph* are Liberal papers, one being the property of Senator Ellis, and the other, until recently, the organ of the Hon. Mr. Blair. A new man has arisen in New Brunswick, a new cabinet minister, and he is not well supported by Mr. Ellis' paper or Mr. Blair's paper. What can the poor man do, but start another?

This situation is not unusual. But, listen! Information has leaked out that a syndicate of Liberal cabinet ministers has arranged to buy or establish a chain of Daily Papers from coast to coast, so as to cover the market in cabinet positions and prevent any new men getting ambitious. "CONTROL THE DAILY PAPERS AND THE CABINET POSITIONS ARE YOURS," is to be the motto. The incorporators are likely to be Hon. W. S. Fielding, *Halifax Chronicle*; Hon. W. R. Emmerson, *St. John* —; Hon.

Charles Fitzpatrick, *Quebec Le Soleil*; Hon. Sydney Fisher, *Montreal Herald*; Hon. William Mulock, *Toronto Star*; Hon. Clifford Sifton, *Winnipeg Free Press*; Hon. W. Templeman, *Victoria Times*; and a few others whose names are not announced. The capital of the company will be \$5,000,000 in gold-bearing five per cent. bonds and \$5,000,000 in common stock, the bonds to be taken up by a well-known railway manager and two wealthy senators, and the common stock to be held by the incorporators.

R. L. Borden, Esq., M.P., has also a similar plan under consideration for the benefit of the Conservative cabinet ministers (prospective). The incorporators will probably be: Hon. Mr. Borden, *Halifax Herald*; Hon. Mr. Daniel, *St. John Sun*; Hon. Hugh Graham, *Montreal Star*; Hon. J. I. Tarte, *Montreal La Patrie*; Hon. E. F. Clarke, *Toronto Mail and Empire*; Hon. Sanford Evans, *Winnipeg Telegram*; and a few others to be decided upon later. There will be a similar issue of bonds to be taken up by two railway proprietors and The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and a similar issue of common stock at a nominal price to the incorporators. The motto will be "HURRAH FOR THE EMPIRE! CHAMBERLAIN AND THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF!"

This scheme will have advantages. All the papers will be held in trust by the holding company, and when a minister resigns, as did the Hon. Mr. Tarte and the Hon. Mr. Blair, he will lose control of his important journal. This will prevent papers changing their

party allegiance as did *La Patrie* of Montreal and *The Telegraph*, of St. John. It will ensure stability in daily journalism. Another advantage will be greater uniformity in editorial opinion, since central offices at Ottawa will send out the editorials on important subjects, subject to such modification as may be required to suit the vanities and weaknesses of the particular districts in which each paper is published. A third advantage will be the fixing of responsibility, which under the present system is not always easy. A fourth advantage will be the feeling of security which each cabinet minister or prospective cabinet minister will have; this will enable him to give some time to the supervision of his department, for which at present he has little opportunity. It will enable a cabinet minister to take eight hours' sleep each night, a privilege which he does not always enjoy under the present disconcerting condition of Free Competition. And finally, the subscription price of each paper will be raised from 50 cents a year to a dollar a year, and every member of the party will be forced to subscribe. The increased profits will go into the campaign fund of each party.

To prevent any serious competition, each corporation is arranging with the patent medicine and breakfast food advertisers to patronize only the trust journals, thus preventing any others from gaining prominence. Arrangements are also under way, whereby each trust will secure paper from the Canadian Papermakers' Association and type from the type foundries at a lower price than the outside publisher.

Since the above was in type, I have learned that both schemes have fallen through, owing to the inability of each to secure a monopoly of the use of the mails.

Buncombe.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROGRESS

That the Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to run two transcontinental

trains daily from Montreal to Vancouver is but another sign of the development of the West, and of the great increase in the travel between Eastern and Western Canada. British Columbia is rapidly becoming an important part of Canada, in touch with everything commercial, financial and political, which interests Canada as a whole. Professor Goldwin Smith has doubted if the West has any interest in the East. Two transcontinental daily trains would seem to indicate that the interest is mutual and rapidly developing.

The population of British Columbia, according to the Census of 1901, is 178,657, of whom over 60 per cent. are males. This population, classified according to Birthplace, is as follows :

British Columbia.....	59,589
Other Provinces.....	40,023
British Islands.....	30,630
British Possessions.....	1,843
 Total British..	132,085
Foreign Born.....	46,110
Not Given.....	462
 Total.....	178,657

British Columbia is British and Canadian in every sense of those terms. Of the foreigners 14,576 were from China and 4,515 from Japan.

The value of the gold annually mined in British Columbia has grown from a few thousand dollars to over five millions, the value of the silver to over three millions, the copper and the coal to over five millions each. The total mineral production in 1901 was \$20,000,000, and for 1902 about two and a half millions less. The value of the agricultural property is over thirty millions, and the products in 1901 were valued at over six millions, a return of 19 per cent. on the investment.

Any person desiring full information about the province will find "The Year Book of British Columbia," edited by R. E. Gosnell, a valuable compendium. A new edition for 1903 has recently been issued.

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